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BARRY.

BY MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

AWAY on the mountain's shoulder,
Where the storm-wind's icy breath
Blows keen over drift and boulder,
A blast from the hills of death,

The lights of the Hospice glistened
Far over the wastes of snow,
And the monks, at their vespers, listened
To the moan of the storm below.

For the snow-cloud's awful curtain
Had shrouded the Pass all day,
And the pathway, at best uncertain,
Deep buried in snow-drifts lay.

But safe in the courtyard herded,
The dogs with their master stood,
Till each broad neck should be girded
With cordial and light and food.

Then away! every foe defying,
Their noble work to perform,
To search for the lost ones lying
Asleep in the pitiless storm.

Not one had been known to tarry,
Or falter at duty's call,

But the king of the dogs was Barry,
The bravest dog of them all.

For out of the drifts ensnaring,
Where their tottering victim strives,
By his deeds of noble daring
He had rescued a score of lives.

That day, through the tempest climbing,
Two travelers urged their way,
The plan of their journey timing
By night with the monks to stay.

But the snowflakes traveled faster,
And soon in the whirl of the gale
Each step threatened new disaster,
And courage began to fail.

And one of them fumed in anger
And said, as he paused at length,
"A curse on this terrible languor!
Let us drink to revive our strength:

"'T is well I 've a flagon handy."
But his comrade, in sore affright,
Cried, "Man, if you taste of brandy,
You 're dead ere the morning light!"

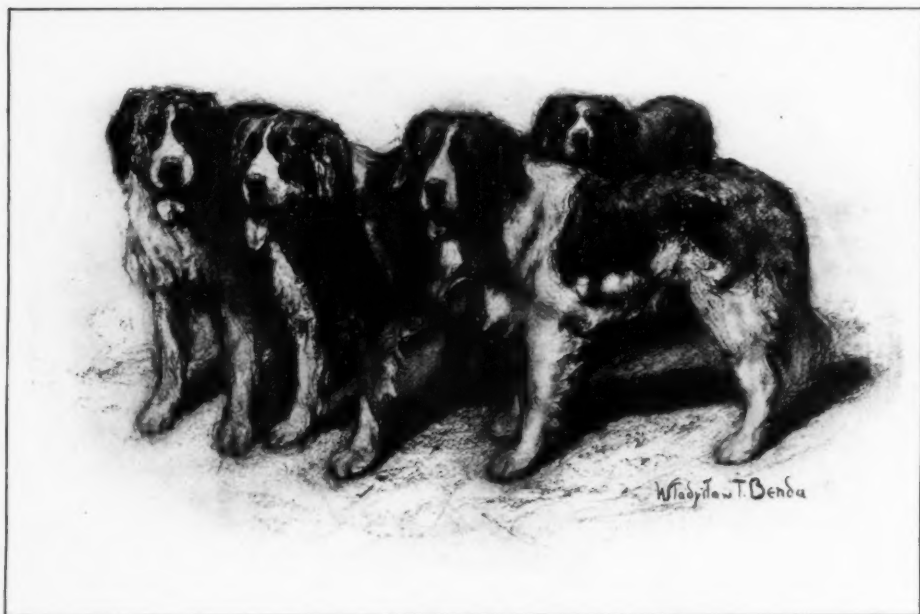
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In vain was his wrathful pleading,
Entreaty, or threatening strong,
For, warning and protest unheeding,
The other drank deep and long.

It silenced his noisy grumbling;
But soon, where the drifts lay deep,
In drowsy confusion stumbling,
He fell in a heavy sleep.

Where the pall of the storm was rifted
By the flickering lantern-shine,
His beautiful eyes were lifted
To watch for his masters' sign —

Then away! through the cold and danger,
By no false trail beguiled,
To search for the outcast stranger
Alone in the tempest wild.



"SAFE IN THE COURTYARD HERDED."

And over the mountain's shoulder,
The storm-wind's icy breath
In the murky gloom blew colder,
A blast from the hills of death!

A ring at the Hospice gateway,
And a voice that was like a groan,
And the brethren opened straightway
To a traveler there alone.

He told them, in tones unsteady,
Of his comrade lost below,
And Barry, alert and ready,
Was summoned at once to go.

And swiftly he tracked and found him,
With a cry of brave delight,
And pawed at the drifts around him,
Still barking with all his might.

Then he licked the hand and harkened
Till the traveler moved again,
Awake, but with thought still darkened
By the drink that had dulled his brain.

For he fancied, in drunken error,
A wild beast faced him there;
And with cries of abject terror,
In a frenzy of despair,

He groped, in his stupid madness,
For the clasp-knife in his coat,
And while the dog whined for gladness,
He plunged it in Barry's throat!

But with pity and love unswerving,
His noble task to fulfil,
In spite of his ill-deserving
The brave dog licked him still,

And mastered his dulled resistance
And led him steadily on,
Where, far through the frozen distance,
The lights of the Hospice shone.

Still upward his footsteps urging,
His slow, sad steps of pain,
Though the heights around were surging
And his life-blood fell like rain,

Right well had he won his guerdon
Of love and eternal fame;
But who may describe the burden
Of pity, remorse, and shame

That filled one heart on the morrow,
Or his sufferings who may say —
For in pangs of a life-long sorrow
It could not be purged away!

And still, as the nights grow colder,
And the storm-wind's icy breath
Blows keen o'er the mountain's shoulder,
A blast from the hills of death,

The dogs go forth through the blindness
And whirl of the driving snow,
And carry their help and kindness
To travelers lost below;



"TO SEARCH FOR THE OUTCAST STRANGER ALONE IN THE TEMPEST WILD."

Safe home to the lighted gateway,
Where the monks in wonder cried,
He guided his slayer, and straightway
Fell down at their feet and died!

And still in the Hospice' story
Of courage and love sublime,
One name hath a crown of glory
That never shall fade with time;



"THEN HE LICKED THE HAND AND HARKENED TILL THE TRAVELER MOVED AGAIN."

For as long as the annals declaring
His deed shall be handed down,
As long as unselfish daring
Inherits its sure renown,

The heart of the world shall carry,
Where love keepeth watch and guard,
The beautiful tale of Barry,
The hero of St. Bernard!



CHILDHOOD REASONING.

I. THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

IN their efforts to teach children, parents are often surprised by the original views which the youngsters take, and by their presentation of views which, while they may be but partial, are at least correct and discriminating so far as they go.

It occurred to a father, who noticed a carpenter hammering upon the roof of a distant house, that he would give his little son (eight years old) a lesson in physics, by calling attention to the fact that the blows of the hammer

could be seen before the sound made by them could be heard, and explaining that the difference in time between the seeing of the blows and the hearing of the noise was due to the fact that light travels much faster than sound. He sought to introduce the subject by asking the boy if he understood why it was that he could see the hammer fall before he could hear the noise of the stroke. He was astonished to receive the reply: "Yes; it 's because my eyes are nearer to the hammer than my ears."

Edwin J. Prindle.

II. MISFIT SPECTACLES.

I 'VE wondered why the spectacles that help grandpa to read
Should make things, when I put them on, look very queer indeed.
Good reason why his spectacles for me will never do,
For, don't you see, my eyes are brown, while grandpapa's are blue!

Alwin West.

A MIRACLE.

By J. H. M.

IN a great sunny studio
A sculptor welcomed friends one day,
And as the guests moved to and fro,
They heard a gentle lady say :

" Wonders will never cease. We must
Admit there 's magic in this room.
For see : that statuette is just
A little obelisk in bloom ! "



QUEEN ZIXI OF IX.

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BY L. FRANK BAUM.

Author of "The Wizard of Oz."

CHAPTER VII.

THE WINGS OF AUNT RIVETTE.

BUD and Meg had plenty to occupy them in looking over and admiring their new possessions. First they went to the princess's rooms, where Fluff ordered her seven maids to spread out all the beautiful gowns she had received. And forty of them made quite an imposing show, I assure you. They were all dainty and sweet and of rich material, suitable for all occasions, and of all colors and shades. Of course there were none with trains, for Margaret, although a princess, was only a little girl; but the gowns were gay with bright ribbons and jeweled buttons and clasps; and each one had its hat and hosiery and slippers to match.

After admiring the dresses for a time, they looked at Bud's new clothes—twenty suits of velvets, brocades, and finely woven cloths. Some had diamonds and precious gems sewn on them for ornaments, while others were plain; but the poorest suit there was finer than the boy had ever dreamed of possessing.

There were also many articles of apparel to go with these suits, such as shoes with diamond buckles, silken stockings, neck laces, and fine linen; and there was a beautiful little sword, with a gold scabbard and a jeweled hilt, that the little king could wear on state occasions.

However, when the children had examined the gowns and suits to their satisfaction, they began looking for other amusement.

"Do you know, Fluff," said the boy, "there is n't a single toy or plaything in this whole palace?"

"I suppose the old king did n't care for playthings," replied Fluff, thoughtfully.

Just then there was a knock at the door, and Aunt Rivette came hobbling into the room. Her wrinkled old face was full of eagerness, and

in her hands she clasped the purse of golden coins the lord high purse-bearer had given her.

"See what I've got!" she cried, holding out the purse. "And I'm going to buy the finest clothes in all the kingdom! And ride in the king's carriage! And have a man to wait upon me! And make Mammy Skib and Mistress Kappleson and all the other neighbors wild with jealousy!"

"I don't care," said Bud.

"Why, you owe everything to me!" cried Aunt Rivette. "If I had n't brought you to Nole on the donkey's back, you would n't have been the forty-seventh person to enter the gate."

"That's true," said Meg.

But Bud was angry.

"I know it's true," he said; "but look here, you must n't bother us. Just keep out of our way, please, and let me alone, and then I won't care how many new dresses you buy."

"I'm going to spend every piece of this gold!" she exclaimed, clasping the purse with her wrinkled hands. "But I don't like to go through the streets in this poor dress. Won't you lend me your cloak, Meg, until I get back?"

"Of course I will," returned the girl; and going to the closet, she brought out the magic cloak the fairy had given her and threw it over Aunt Rivette's shoulders. For she was sorry for the old woman, and this was the prettiest cloak she had.

So old Rivette, feeling very proud and anxious to spend her money, left the palace and walked as fast as her tottering legs would carry her down the street in the direction of the shops. "I'll buy a yellow silk," she mumbled to herself, half aloud, "and a white velvet, and a purple brocade, and a sky-blue bonnet with crimson plumes! And won't the neighbors stare then?"

Oh, dear! If I could only walk faster! And the shops are so far! I wish I could fly!"

Now she was wearing the magic cloak when she expressed this wish, and no sooner had she spoken than two great feathery wings appeared, fastened to her shoulders.

The old woman stopped short, turned her

same time flopping nervously her new wings. "Save me, some one! Save me!"

"Why don't you save yourself?" asked a man below. "Stop flying, if you want to reach the earth again!"

This struck old Rivette as a sensible suggestion. She was quite a distance in the air by



"AFTER ADMIRING THE DRESSES FOR A TIME, THEY LOOKED AT BUD'S NEW CLOTHES."

head, and saw the wings; and then she gave a scream and a jump and began waving her arms frantically.

The wings flopped at the same time, raising her slowly from the ground, and she began to soar gracefully above the heads of the astonished people, who thronged the streets below.

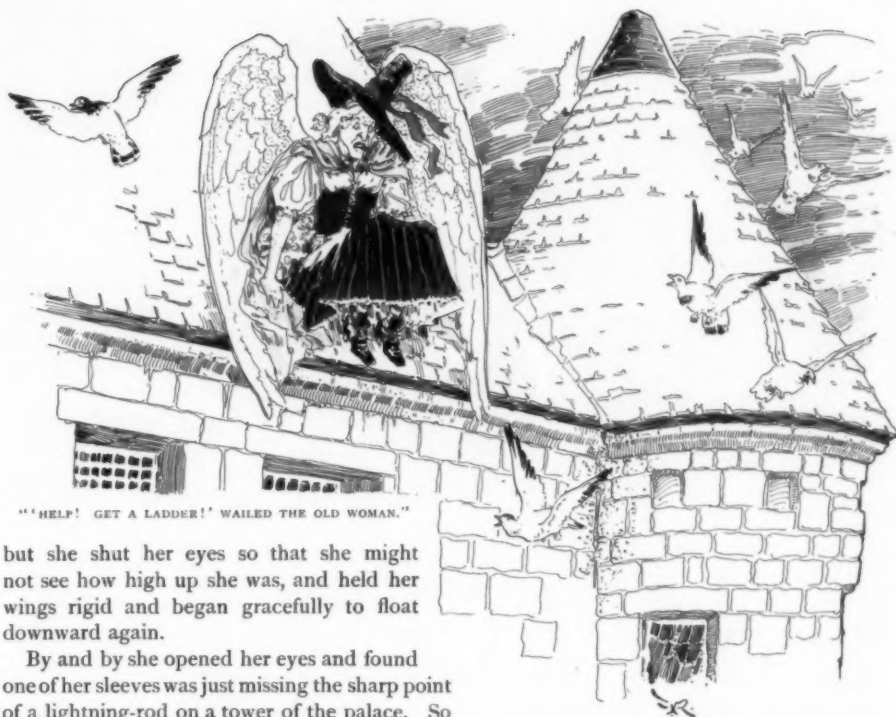
"Stop! Help! Murder!" shrieked Rivette, kicking her feet in great agitation, and at the

this time; but she tried to hold her wings steady and not flop them, and the result was that she began to float slowly downward. Then, with horror, she saw she was sinking directly upon the branches of a prickly-pear tree; so she screamed and began flying again, and the swift movement of her wings sent her high into the air.

So great was her terror that she nearly fainted;



"ALMOST BEFORE SHE KNEW IT, AUNT RIVETTE HAD DESCENDED
TO THE ROOF OF THE ROYAL STABLES."



"'HELP! GET A LADDER!' WAILED THE OLD WOMAN."

but she shut her eyes so that she might not see how high up she was, and held her wings rigid and began gracefully to float downward again.

By and by she opened her eyes and found one of her sleeves was just missing the sharp point of a lightning-rod on a tower of the palace. So she began struggling and flopping anew, and, almost before she knew it, Aunt Rivette had descended to the roof of the royal stables. Here she sat down and began to weep and wail, while a great crowd gathered below and watched her.

"Get a ladder! *Please* get a ladder!" begged old Rivette. "If you don't, I shall fall and break my neck."

By this time Bud and Fluff had come out to see what caused the excitement; and, to their amazement, they found their old aunt perched on the stable roof, with two great wings growing from her back.

For a moment they could not understand what had happened. Then Margaret cried:

"Oh, Bud, I let her wear the magic cloak! She must have made a wish!"

"Help! Help! Get a ladder!" wailed the old woman, catching sight of her nephew and niece.

"Well, you *are* a bird, Aunt Rivette!" shouted Bud, gleefully, for he was in a teasing mood. "You don't need a ladder! I don't see why

you can't fly down the same way you flew up." And all the people shouted: "Yes, yes! The king is right! Fly down!"

Just then Rivette's feet began to slip on the sloping roof; so she made a wild struggle to save herself, and the result was that she fluttered her wings in just the right way to sink gradually to the ground.

"You'll be all right as soon as you know how to use your wings," said Bud, with a laugh.

"But where did you get 'em, anyhow?"

"I don't know," said Aunt Rivette, much relieved to be on earth again, and rather pleased to have attracted so much attention. "Are the wings pretty?"

"They are perfectly lovely!" cried Fluff, clapping her hands in glee. "Why, Aunt Rivette, I do believe you must be the only person in all the world who can fly!"

"But I think you look like an overgrown buzzard," said Bud.

Now it happened that all this praise, and the wondering looks of the people, did a great deal



"WHY, AUNT RIVETTE, I DO BELIEVE YOU MUST BE THE ONLY PERSON IN ALL THE WORLD WHO CAN FLY!"

to reconcile Rivette to her new wings. Indeed, she began to feel a certain pride and distinction in them; and, finding she had through all the excitement retained her grasp on the purse of gold, she now wrapped the magic cloak around her and walked away to the shops, followed by a crowd of men, women, and children.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROYAL RECEPTION.

As for the king and Princess Fluff, they returned to the palace and dressed themselves in some of their prettiest garments, telling Jikki to have two ponies saddled and ready for them to ride upon.

"We really *must* have some toys," said Meg, with decision; "and now that we are rich, there is no reason why we can't buy what we want."

"That's true," answered Bud. "The old king had n't anything to play with. Poor old man! I wonder what he did to amuse himself."

They mounted their ponies, and, followed by the chief counselor and the lord high purse-bearer in one of the state carriages, and a guard of soldiers for escort, they rode down the

streets of the city on a pleasure-jaut, amid the shouts of the loyal populace.

By and by Bud saw a toy-shop in one of the streets, and he and Fluff slipped down from their ponies and went inside to examine the toys. It was a well-stocked shop, and there were rows upon rows of beautiful dolls on the shelves, which attracted Margaret's attention at once.

"Oh, Bud," she exclaimed, "I must have one of these dollies!"

"Take your choice," said her brother, calmly, although his own heart was beating with delight at the sight of all the toys arranged before him.

"I don't know which to choose," sighed the little princess, looking from one doll to another with longing and indecision.

"We 'll take 'em all," declared Bud.

"All! What — all these rows of dollies?" she gasped.

"Why not?" asked the king. Then he turned to the men who kept the shop and said: "Call in that old fellow who carries the money."

When the lord high purse-bearer appeared, Bud said to him:

"Pay the man for all these dolls; and for this — and this — and this — and this!" and he began picking out the prettiest toys in all the shop, in the most reckless way you can imagine.

The soldiers loaded the carriage down with Meg's dolls, and a big cart was filled with Bud's toys. Then the purse-bearer paid the bill, although he sighed deeply several times while counting out the money. But the new king paid no attention to old Tillydib; and when the treasures were all secured the children mounted their ponies and rode joyfully back to the palace, followed in a procession by the carriage filled with dolls, and the cart loaded with toys, while Tullydub and Tillydib, being unable to ride in the carriage, trotted along at the rear on foot.

Bud had the toys and dolls all carried up-

"After all," he said to his sister, "it's a good thing to be a king!"

"Or even a princess," added Meg, busily dressing and arranging her dolls.

They made Jikki bring their dinner to them in the "play-room," as Bud called it; but neither of the children could spare much time to eat, their treasures being all so new and delightful.

Soon after dusk, while Jikki was lighting the candles, the chief counselor came to the door to say that the king must be ready to attend the royal reception in five minutes.

"I won't," said Bud. "I just won't."



F. RICHARDSON

"WE 'LL TAKE 'EM ALL," DECLARED BUD.

stairs into a big room, and then he ordered everybody to keep out while he and Fluff arranged their playthings around the room and upon the tables and chairs, besides littering the floor so that they could hardly find a clear place large enough for some of their romping games.

"But you *must*, your Majesty!" declared old Tullydub.

"Am I not the king?" demanded Bud, looking up from where he was arranging an army of wooden soldiers.

"Certainly, your Majesty," was the reply.

"And is n't the king's will the law?" continued Bud.

"Certainly, your Majesty!"

"Well, if that is so, just understand that I won't come. Go away and let me alone!"

"that people in this world always have to pay for any good thing they get."

"What do you mean?" inquired Bud, with surprise.

"I mean if you're going to be the king, and



F. RICHARDSON

"THE KING THREW A TOY CANNON AT HIS CHIEF COUNSELOR."

"But the people expect your Majesty to attend the royal reception," protested old Tullydub, greatly astonished. "It is the usual custom, you know; and they would be greatly disappointed if your Majesty did not appear."

"I don't care," said Bud. "You get out of here and let me alone!"

"But, your Majesty —"

The king threw a toy cannon at his chief counselor, and the old man ducked to escape it, and then quickly closed the door.

"Bud," said the princess, softly, "you were just saying it's great fun to be a king."

"So it is," he answered promptly.

"But father used to tell us," continued the girl, trying a red hat on a brown-haired doll,

wear fine clothes, and eat lovely dinners, and live in a palace, and have countless servants, and all the playthings you want, and your own way in everything and with everybody—then you ought to be willing to pay for all these pleasures."

"How? But how *can* I pay for them?" demanded Bud, staring at her.

"By attending the royal receptions, and doing all the disagreeable things the king is expected to do," she answered.

Bud thought about it for a minute. Then he got up, walked over to his sister, and kissed her.

"I b'lieve you're right, Fluff," he said, with a sigh. "I'll go to that reception to-night, and take it as I would take a dose of medicine."

"Of course you will!" returned Fluff, looking up at him brightly; "and I'll go with you! The

Old Tullydub was wondering how he might best explain the king's absence to the throng of

courtiers gathered to attend the royal reception, when, to his surprise and relief, his Majesty entered the room, accompanied by the Princess Fluff. The king wore a velvet suit trimmed with gold lace, and at his side hung the beautiful jeweled sword. Meg was dressed in a soft white silken gown, and looked as sweet and fair as a lily.

The courtiers and their ladies, who were all wearing their most handsome and becoming apparel, received their little king with great respect, and several of the wealthiest and most noble among them came up to Bud to converse with him.

But the king did not know what to say to these great personages, and so the royal reception began to be a very stupid affair.

Fluff saw that all the people were standing in stiff rows and looking at one another uneasily, so she went to Bud and whispered to him.

"Is there a band of musicians in the palace?" the king inquired of Tellydeb, who stood near.

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Send for them, then," commanded Bud.

Presently the musicians appeared, and the king ordered them to play a waltz. But the chief counselor rushed up and exclaimed:

"Oh, your Majesty! This is against all rule and custom!"

"Silence!" said Bud, angrily. "I'll make the rules and customs in this kingdom hereafter. We're going to have a dance."

"But it's so dreadful—so unconventional, your Majesty! It's so—what shall I call it?"

dolls can wait till to-morrow. Have Jikki brush your hair, and I'll get my maids to dress me!"



"ONE SCREAMED
'MURDER!' AND THE
OTHER 'HELP!'"
(SEE PAGE 304.)

"Here! I've had enough of this," declared Bud. "You go and stand in that corner, with your face to the wall, till I tell you to sit down," he added, remembering a time when his father, the ferryman, had inflicted a like punishment upon him.

Somewhat to his surprise, Tullydub at once obeyed the command, and then Bud made his first speech to the people.

"We're goin' to have a dance," he said; "so pitch in and have a good time. If there's anything you want, ask for it. You're all welcome to stay as long as you please and go home when you get ready."

This seemed to please the company, for every one applauded the king's speech. Then the musicians began to play, and the people were soon dancing and enjoying themselves greatly.

Princess Fluff had a good many partners that evening, but Bud did not care to dance—he preferred to look on; and, after a time, he brought old Tullydub out of his corner, and made the chief counselor promise to be good and not annoy him again.

"But it is my duty to counsel the king," protested the old man, solemnly.

"When I want your advice I'll ask for it," said Bud.

While Tullydub stood beside the throne, looking somewhat sulky and disagreeable, the door opened and Aunt Rivette entered the reception-room. She was clothed in a handsome gown of bright-green velvet, trimmed with red and yellow flowers, and the wings stuck out from the folds at her back in a way that was truly wonderful.

Aunt Rivette seemed in an amiable mood. She smiled and curtsied to all the people, who stopped dancing to stare at her, and she even

fluttered her wings once or twice to show that she was proud of being unlike all the others present.

Bud had to laugh at her, she looked so funny; and then a mischievous thought came to him, and he commanded old Tullydub to dance with her.

"But I don't dance, your Majesty!" exclaimed the horrified chief counselor.

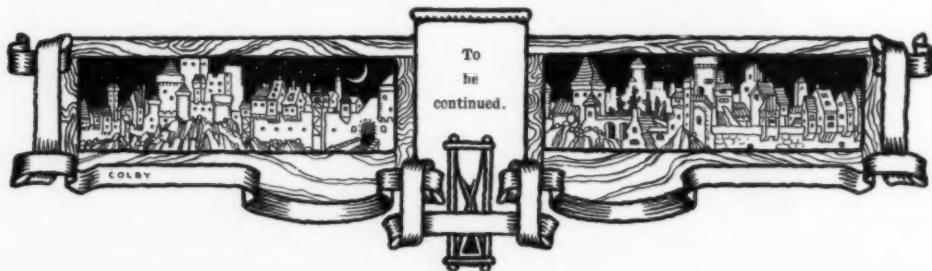
"Try it; I'm sure you can dance," returned Bud. "If you don't know how, it's time you learned."

So the poor man was forced to place his arm about Aunt Rivette's waist and to whirl her around in a waltz. The old woman knew as little about dancing as did Tullydub, and they were exceedingly awkward, bumping into every one they came near. Presently Aunt Rivette's feet slipped, and she would have tumbled upon the floor with the chief counselor had she not begun to flutter her wings wildly.

So, instead of falling, she rose gradually into the air, carrying Tullydub with her; for they clung to each other in terror, and one screamed "Murder!" and the other "Help!" in their loudest voices.

Bud laughed until the tears stood in his eyes; but Aunt Rivette, after bumping both her own head and that of the chief counselor against the ceiling several times, finally managed to control the action of her wings and to descend to the floor again.

As soon as he was released, old Tullydub fled from the room; and Aunt Rivette, vowing she would dance no more, seated herself beside Bud and watched the revel until nearly midnight, when the courtiers and their ladies dispersed to their own homes, declaring that they had never enjoyed a more delightful evening.



THE WOODCHUCK.

BY SILAS A. LOTTRIDGE.

THE woodchuck is well known among the farmer boys and girls throughout the Middle and Eastern States, for he is as much a part of the farm as the brook or the orchard.

In form he is far from graceful, especially in the latter part of the summer, when the body becomes very fat and pouchy. The color of the fur varies from a reddish brown to a griz-

are trapped, many are shot, and not a few are destroyed by the farm dogs.

The trap is set at the entrance of the burrow, being made fast to a stake which is driven into the ground. The woodchucks are more easily trapped in May or June than later in the season. Old ones frequently become very shy, especially those living in meadows remote from the house

and having their burrows in the edge of the woods or bushes near by. Sometimes one of these woodchucks will spring a trap day after day without being caught; or even dig around the trap, much to the disgust of the farmer-boy, who is usually paid a bounty of ten cents for each "chuck" caught. Occasionally the farm dog develops considerable ability in capturing them.

There is no animal that exerts less energy in the course of a year than the woodchuck. He feeds upon the best in the meadow and occasionally in the garden, being very fond of the juicy peas and beans and tender



ON THE LOOKOUT.

led gray, or, occasionally, black. The teeth, like those of the squirrel and prairie-dog, are strong and well adapted for cutting.

His summer home is sometimes in a burrow, and sometimes in a wall or stone-heap. The woodchuck of the present day is rather inclined to desert the old home in the woods, where he fed upon tender bark and roots of various kinds, and become a dweller near the clover-patch in the field. For this reason he has become a special object of persecution by the farmers, and a continual warfare is waged against him from early spring until fall; some

lettuce. Then as winter comes on he forgets all care and worry, crawls into his burrow, and, like the bear, falls asleep, not to awaken till spring.

The cubs usually number four or five, and the date of their birth is not far from the tenth of May. The snug little chamber in which they are born is located two or three feet under the ground and contains a small bed of dry grass gathered the fall before.

The woodchuck family best known to me was the one that lived by the old rail fence just back of the orchard on my father's farm. The mother

introduced herself one morning in the latter part of May, just as old Rover and I had started out for a day's fishing. As she fled at our approach, Rover followed and disclosed to me the burrow into which she had fled.

More than one day's sport I got out of that burrow. I took care that Rover did n't go with me when I made my visits, and, instead of dig-

rewarded, for, one fine morning, five little cubs came tumbling along the narrow passage after their mother to the entrance of the burrow and looked with their great, beautiful brown eyes upon the outside world. What a marvelous surprise it must have been to them to view the green grass and the beautiful flowers!

When satisfied that there was no danger lurk-

ing in the immediate vicinity, the mother led the way into the grass, followed by the cubs, which tumbled along in haste to keep close to her. They tried to imitate her in everything; and when she nibbled a clover-leaf they followed her example, and soon the sharp little teeth had learned to cut the juicy leaves.

The real object of their first outing was soon accomplished—that of filling their stomachs; and then they began playing about in the grass, very much like puppies, but the mother was careful not to let them wander far from the entrance of their home, for if her trained ear caught the sound of something approaching, she would hustle the little ones into the burrow. Once the cubs had traveled only a part of the passage before they heard the deep breathing of the dog at the mouth of the tunnel. The exertion and excitement must have made their little hearts beat fast, and for the first time in their lives they learned what it was to be frightened.

This was only the beginning of their education; for day after day they came out of the burrow, and when they scrambled back something had been added to their little stock of woodchuck

knowledge. A part of this knowledge was obtained by copying their mother, but by far the greater part came through instinct and experiences of their own.

Some attention was given to the art of climb-



A FAVORITE "ROOST."

ing out the inmates boy-fashion, I waited for them to come out of their own accord. Several times the old woodchuck appeared; but, feeling sure that there were "more to follow," I patiently watched and waited. Finally my patience was



INTERESTED, BUT NOT AFRAID.

ing trees and fences, for from elevated positions they could command a much more extended view of meadow and woodland. Yes, woodchucks really climb fences and small trees, though their first attempts are very clumsy. Never a day passed that the little woodchucks did not receive a lesson in danger-signals. They soon learned to distinguish among the many sounds that came to their ears those that threatened harm from those that meant no harm at all. They learned that a dog is not a dangerous foe, as his presence is usually made known while he is some distance off; but they learned to be very wary when a fox was in the vicinity.

I once knew a dog, however, that was a famous woodchuck-hunter. After locating a woodchuck, Shep would watch his movements for a little time; then, while the woodchuck was feeding, he would move directly toward it,

keeping his body close to the ground, but would stop instantly and lie very still whenever the woodchuck raised itself on its haunches to look about for danger. When Shep believed himself to be near enough to the entrance of the burrow, he would make a dash for it, and if he reached it first, there was sure to be one less woodchuck to feed upon the clover.

When the early autumn came, the little cubs were pretty nearly grown up; and soon they settled down to the serious business of life, either finding a deserted burrow or digging one for themselves. Within a space of three days the old burrow had but one occupant, the mother.

Usually each woodchuck has a burrow by itself, but occasionally a pair will live together through the winter. I came upon such a pair, not far from the summer home which had so interested me, and I pleased myself by imagining they were two of my old friends. The spot they had selected for their burrow was on a gentle sunny slope in one corner of the meadow.



DANGER IN THE DISTANCE.



HIS WINTER NAP.

Showing a woodchuck hibernating. The ground has been cut away, disclosing the interior of the burrow without disturbing the animal.

They had evidently been working little by little on the new burrow before they left the old one, but now they made a regular business of it, and worked with a will. They made rapid progress, for the feet are armed with powerful claws and there is a web between the toes, a combination which makes an excellent pick and shovel. The fore feet are used principally for digging, and the hind ones for throwing backward the loosened earth and stones.

For some distance from the entrance their burrow inclined downward quite sharply, and then turned slightly upward and continued along beneath the surface for a distance of fifteen

feet. There was a small side tunnel, four feet long, which ended in an exit; the main burrow ended in a chamber of considerable size, in which there was a quantity of fine grass for bedding.

When the woodchucks had completed their home they had nothing to do but to eat and doze about in the sun. With a few weeks of this sort of life there came a wonderful change in their appearance; their cheeks were distended, their fur was glossy, and their skins were stretched with fatness.

When September was well advanced they could eat no more, and had only to wait and doze away the time until about the first week in October, when Mother Nature would send them to sleep for the winter. The blood began to flow more slowly through their veins, a drowsiness which they could not resist gradually crept over them, and finally they curled themselves into balls of fur, side by side in their snug retreat, and fell asleep.

Warm autumn days followed with their mellow light; Indian summer came and went, but the slumber of the woodchucks was unbroken; and thus the cold, bleak winter passed in one long dream of summer.

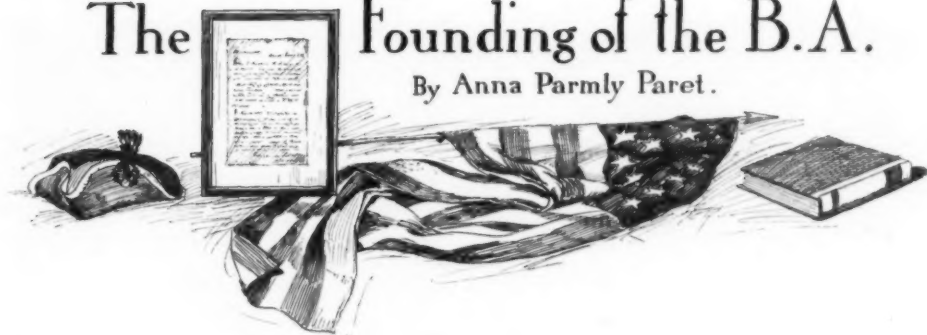


A PAIR OF HIBERNATING WOODCHUCKS.

Showing another burrow, opened as was that shown in the upper picture.

The Founding of the B.A.

By Anna Parmly Paret.



(Including a facsimile of a letter from General George Washington to Brigadier-General Forman, never before printed.)

THAT the Wellsburgh Military Academy lacked something in not having any secret societies was becoming more and more clear to the junior class of that popular school. Perhaps the idea would never have occurred to the boys if Rob Pierson had not gone to spend his Christmas holidays with his Philadelphia cousins; but that visit brought the first cloud of dissatisfaction to Rob — and then, of course, to the whole junior class, who always followed Rob's lead in everything, without question, from geometry to neckties.

"Got any societies at your old school?" his cousin asked him, one day.

"Societies! No; what for?" exclaimed Rob, in open-mouthed wonderment. "Sounds like girls." This last with such withering contempt that little Lucy, who had taken a decided liking to him, picked up her book and left the fire-light circle in protest.

"Girls nothing! All the colleges have 'em. We have them at our school; but I suppose you're too busy playing soldiers to find out what college men do."

"We're too busy with classes and drills to bother with such foolishness," was Rob's crushingly delivered answer.

But during the rest of his week in Philadelphia he quietly picked up considerable information about secret societies and how they were run.

A certain subdued air belonging to the return to school and study kept down Rob's growing discontent with existing things for a few days. The reaction from two weeks of loafing and fun

brought him new energy in the study of geometry, Greek, and Latin, and until Friday night the boys had scarcely a chance to compare notes about their holidays.

A belated Christmas box, coming to a boy from the far West who had spent his two weeks with a friend, gave an occasion for a "pajama party." Twelve days of rest in the baggage-room of the wrong town not having done serious damage to the comforts in the box, the ten "selectmen," as those bidden to a feast were called at the Wellsburgh Academy, spent the first ten minutes or so in "sampling" the various good things, regardless of the fine points of manners or table etiquette. Indeed, there was no table — the cookies, figs, nuts, and apples were spread on the counterpane of Willis's bed, in a medley that would have driven his doting mother mad by its contrast with the daintily wrapped packages which she had so neatly and carefully put up.

"Say, boys," Rob began when the first edge of his healthy appetite had been dulled, "my cousin goes to Saybrook to school, and they have secret societies, as the men have at college — and at West Point, too, I s'pose. I never thought of it before, but if they have these societies at Saybrook, it stands to reason we've got to have 'em. We can't let Saybrook get ahead of us in any way."

"Right you are, colonel," murmured the host, rather brokenly by reason of his mouth being stuffed with home-made mince-pie. "I don't want to get to Yale and find there's

a lot of things I ought to know but don't know. If secret societies are the thing, let 's have one of them at once, I say."

"I heard some chaps from St. John's talking about their Alpha Phi doings the other day," piped in Jim Martin. "At first I thought they were discussing apple-pie; but when I found it was n't that, I felt squarely out of it. I did my level best to look knowing; but I could n't help a sneaking fear that they suspected I was n't "on." I think we 've got to add 'em to the list. Hope they 're more fun than the faculty's latest additions."

The next evening a meeting of the junior class was called, at which Jim Martin moved that the junior class of Wellsburgh Academy should have a secret society.

"Second the motion," came a subdued voice, and in breathless expectancy they waited while the president carefully thought out the correct form for such an important motion.

"Gentlemen, it is moved and seconded that the junior class of Wellsburgh Academy shall have a secret society. All in favor say, 'Ay'—and mind ye don't make a noise about it, either!" wound up the dignified presiding officer.

There was a subdued rumble of "ays," and as there was no answer when the "noes" were called for, a count seemed hardly necessary.

A minute's awkward silence followed the vote. No one seemed to know just what to do next.

And then Rob managed to recall the parliamentary procedure at a meeting to which he had gone with his father. He was a bit rusty, but was at least equal to this occasion.

"The motion having been carried that the academy shall have a secret society, it is the next duty of this meeting to decide on what form that society shall take. The chair is ready for suggestions."

"What 's the matter with a historical or patriotic society, or something of that kind?" suggested Simmons, who had just come in. A pang of envy shot through Rob's mind at that idea, for he knew why it had occurred to Simmons. Though Simmons was too much of a gentleman ever to boast, the boys knew from Willis, who had visited at his house, that the proudest possessions of Simmons's father were the portraits of some Revolutionary ancestors

and the sword of his great-grandfather, who had commanded a company at Bunker Hill. To a boy with military aspirations such a record and such ancestral possessions seemed priceless.

"Good idea, seems to me," Jones said. "Make it in a motion, and that will show the sense of the meeting."

Great enthusiasm, sternly subdued, greeted Simmons's suggestion, and in short order it was decided. A historical society it should be. They would collect historical articles, and would have a reference library of their own. It would take time; but future classes would get the benefit, and the class of 1903 would always have the credit of having begun it all.

"Where shall we meet? This pajama business is n't all it's cracked up to be on cold nights," lamented Smithers through chattering teeth.

"There 's the old store-room upstairs. Let 's ask Richardson if we may use it," was Rob's suggestion.

Just then the opening of a door and an apologetic cough froze the blood of the conspirators. Keasby always coughed warningly before descending "like a wolf on the fold"—he had been a boy once himself. This gave time for a sharp "Shut up, you kids!" from some one, and the light went out suddenly as the tutor's step was heard at the door. Under the farthest corner of the bed three miscreants were hidden, in the closet were two, and past Keasby at the door shot several. The hand which reached for them did so in a groping way that did not give evidence of any stern determination to catch the offenders; and by the time Keasby had struck a light, and was gazing blinkingly around, only three of the culprits were visible—Potts, whose room it was; Pierson, who, as class president and chairman of the meeting, scorned to leave his fellow to face the music alone; and Fatty Wilson, who was rolling on the floor in convulsions of laughter, too weak to get up and run.

"What does this mean, boys?" inquired a stern voice. "This is a wilful disobedience of rules."

"Well, you see, sir, we were just talking over a secret plan that could n't be discussed downstairs. This was the only way to do it."



"HE WAS AT THE LITTLE ROUND WINDOW, HOLDING THE LETTER CLOSE TO THE COBWEBBED PANE." (SEE PAGE 313.)

"Well, the only way now to remedy it is to go and explain to Professor Richardson in the morning. I shall report the breach of rules, and you three may then give whatever explanation you can. Go at once to your rooms, boys."

That interview with the principal, to which the three culprits went with thumping hearts that seemed to have a provoking tendency to climb up into their throats, turned out to be the making of the new society. Mr. Richardson was wise enough to see where the good of his school lay.

"Well," he said, "while I must seriously protest against any more night meetings, I think your plan is a good one, boys, and I'll do what I can to help you. You can use the lumber-room if the class will spend Saturday afternoon moving the boxes and other things out to the barn-loft. What's worth having is worth working for."

An awed trio escaped at the earliest possible moment from the dread precincts of the office,

and groups of laughing and cheering juniors were the feature of the noon recess.

Keen curiosity was rampant, of course, especially among the small boys, as to why the whole junior class was left at home when the rest of the school went skating Saturday afternoon. The seniors were, naturally, too proud to ask questions.

It took all the spring to get the room in order and to plan out the society's future; and in the meantime it was decided that a temporary president should be elected to serve until commencement day, and that in future the president should be a member of the senior class, as at the autumn opening of the school the society's organizers would all be seniors. Rob Pierson was elected temporary president because of his having practically suggested the plan and taken so active a part in the organization; and the name of the society was decided on,—the "B. A. Society,"—the meaning of the letters being the chief secret of the secret society, known only to the initiated.

"It will be fairly launched by next fall," Rob said at one of the meetings; "and we fellows must decide now, or then, what we'll make the entrance qualifications, and for what qualities we'll choose our president. We don't want to pick a fellow out for such an important position just because he's popular, you know. I suggest that we make the question of a member's standing in history the thing to consider. The president ought to be pretty well up in that."

Pierson left school, when commencement day came, with a keenness for vacation and all its fun, but with an underlying determination to do something during the summer that would entitle him to that presidency.

The old farm-house down at Shrewsbury, in its grove of trees, that Uncle Bob had bought and rebuilt, was a delightful place to visit, and the country round was all attractive. There were historical memories to be raked up by a visit to Freehold, with its old church and graveyard, and the quaint, quiet street of old Shrewsbury town. And then when it suddenly dawned on Rob's mind that a battle of the Revolution had been fought almost on the ground where he was living, even the soil took on a new interest.

"Where was the battle fought, Uncle Bob?" he asked one day.

"Over toward the southwest of us," his uncle said. "If you'll go up to the garret some day, and climb over the boxes and trunks there and look out of that funny little round cobwebby window, I think you can see two big trees that, according to the farmers round here, saw considerable fighting one hot June Sunday—if they were there a hundred and twenty-five years ago."

Upstairs and over boxes and trunks to the little round window was a short trip for an

eager boy. The window certainly was cobwebby on the inside and streaming wet on the outside; but when he had corralled an old cloth and scrubbed it up a bit, he managed to see two big trees in the distance on a slight rise of ground.

"Oh, glory! I'm done for now, that's sure!" he muttered as he caught his foot in the rope around a roll of old matting and stumbled head first into the boxes and bundles. One hand landed in a basket of last year's—or last century's—pine-cones, and the other went crashing against the wall and, woe indeed, right through it! The boards were old and dry and thin, and a good big hole showed where Rob's muscular fist had struck.

Three boards were broken loose at the floor end and cracked and splintered about three feet up, so they hung loose. Light showed beyond, and Rob could easily grasp the evident fact that a small room was behind the wall. Peering through the hole, he saw that there was a dusty old window like the one through which he had been looking, but so cobwebbed

and dusty that one could hardly see the wet gray sky through it. Curiosity led him on, and with considerable scraping he got himself through the hole. Old broken chairs, boxes, and some barrels stood about—most of them empty. In



THE RELICS LAID ON THE TABLE.

one corner were some rude old hand-wrought andirons, and a queer pair of old glass lamps stood on a shelf. A few odds and ends were flung into boxes, and one barrel seemed to contain old newspapers and letters so covered with dust that he could hardly see what they were. It must have taken a generation or two for all that dust to collect, he thought, as he plunged in to find the date on the newspapers.

"Gee whizz!" came with a long, low whistle as he found 1823 at the top of the sheet. "That's old enough! Uncle 'll like to see those, I bet!" he thought; and he dove in again and brought out a handful of letters. Such queer old yellow letters with no envelopes, — he remembered hearing his father tell about how they used to fold the letters and seal them before envelopes were invented, — and some of them were cracking at the folds. Many had names written across the corners instead of having stamps. He stopped to look, and with a jump he was at the little round window, holding the letter close to the cobwebbed pane. It *was*, surely — the name *was* George Washington! He was familiar enough with reproductions of the famous George's signature to feel sure that this was written by the general himself. On it was the address:

Near the top, in the right-hand corner, was written, "Public Service."

Most carefully Rob's trembling, eager fingers opened the worn, cracking folds of the sheet. On the old yellow paper was this letter:

HEAD QUARTERS DOBBS FERRY 31 July 1781

SIR

I have requested Capt. Dobbs to assemble at Capt. Dennis's in Baskenridge as soon as possible a Number of Pilots, who are to receive their further Instructions from you. — Immediately upon the Appearance of a Fleet near Sandy Hook, if you are satisfied it is the One we are expecting, you will please to give Orders to the Pilots to repair down where they may be at Hand to be improved as Occasion and Circumstances shall require. —

I am very fearfull that you have met with more Trouble in establish^g the Chain of Expresses than you expected — as I have not had the Pleasure of hearing from you since your first Favor of 23d inst. — and I am informed from N York that a Fleet with part of the Army of Lord Cornwallis from Virginia arrived at that Place last Friday: — my Anxiety to be early & well informed of the Enemy's Movements by Water, induces me to wish to hear from you as often & as speedily as any material Circumstance renders it necessary. I am

Sir

Your most Obedient Servant

G^o WASHINGTON

When Uncle Bob reached home that afternoon, an anxious trio of boys awaited him, and

Public Service.

To Brig: General Forman

G Washington Monmouth

THE SUPERScription OF THE WASHINGTON LETTER.

"To Brig. General Forman,

"Monmouth."

And in the lower left-hand corner was the historic and familiar signature, "G^o Washington."

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he was not even allowed to take off his hat before the important question of ownership was put to him.

"Say, dad, if we found any old things in this

Head Quarters Dolb's Ferry 31st July 1781

My

I have requested Capt Dobbs to open
the at Capt Dennis's in Bushenridge as soon
as possible a Number of Pilots, who are to receive
their further Instructions from you — — Im-
mediately upon the Appearance of a Fleet near
Sandy Hook, If you are satisfied it is the one
we are expecting, you will please to give Orders
to the Pilots to repair down where they may
be at Hand to be improved as Occasion and
Circumstances shall require. — —

I am very fearfull that you
have met with more Trouble in establishing the
Chain of Expresses than you expected — as I have
not had the Pleasure of hearing from you since
your first Favor of 23rd inst — and I am informed
from N York that a Fleet with part of the Army
of Lord Cornwallis from Virginia, arrived at
that

*that Race last Friday — my anxiety to be
early & well informed of the Enemy's Movements
by Water, induces me to wish to hear from you as
often & as speedily as any material circumstance re-
sults it necessitates. I am*

*Yr^y
Your most Obedient Servant
G. Washington*

CONCLUSION OF THE WASHINGTON LETTER.

house that you had n't known were here when you bought it, would they be yours or would they belong to the people who used to own the place?" asked Russell, without any preliminary explanation.

"Why, I think they'd be mine. I bought the place, with all it contained," was the answer; which was greeted, to Mr. Pierson's amazement, with dancing and howlings of glee from the three boys and from Helen in the background.

And then Rob's wonderful "find" was displayed, and five heads pored over the letter as eagerly as had the first one.

"It surely is — a letter written by George Washington himself! You've made a real discovery, Rob, and I'll have to forgive you for trying to smash down my house."

Rob's joy, too, was soon tempered by a sad thought — the letter was n't his: it was Uncle Bob's. He *did* want to be unselfish, and rejoice simply in the pleasure of the find and in his uncle's fine new possession; but the thought of the value of that letter to the new-fledged B. A. Society was almost too heavy on his spirit to leave any buoyancy.

How could he make his discovery tell for his pet child, the B. A.? In the excitement over

his good luck, the thought of the presidency and his ambition to do something to make him eligible for election had entirely slipped from his mind, and the better and less selfish thought of the good of the society was all that remained.

Again he took to lying awake nights and spending long, solitary hours cogitating in the hammock. And finally the plan came to him. He would study up the history of the battle of Monmouth and of the later events of the Revolution involving Monmouth County, and he would write an essay on the subject of that county's part in the struggle. In this essay he would embody the precious Washington letter, and he would print the whole thing on his own printing-press at home.

School opened on September 30, and the crowd of returning boys had a fine time comparing notes of the summer's experiences. Wednesday evening was to see the first gathering in the headquarters. Then the seniors would have a talk over the question of what juniors should be admitted to membership, and those who had any gifts for the society saved them to bring out for the first time that night.

It was a jolly meeting, and the harvest of new

treasures for the B. A. was a big one. Shorty Jones had brought a cannon-ball — "warranted to be from the battle of Bunker Hill"; Fatty Wilson donated a fine tin box, which, he explained, "would be a good place to keep some grub, so a fellow need n't go hungry in the society rooms"; and Simmons produced a fine old sword that his father had presented — not one of the family heirlooms, but still a sword of Revolutionary times.

New flags and old, bullets, some Indian arrow-heads, several books on history, and a few portraits were laid on the big table, and among them "New Jersey's Share in the War for Independence" did not feel obliged to hide its head. It looked most impressive in its cover of colonial blue linen with buff-leather back and cross-bands, and Pierson was proud to receive the congratulations of the other boys.

"You must have spent your whole summer on that, I should think," Simmons said, with frank envy and admiration. "There's a heap of work on it."

Shorty Jones hung admiringly to the side of his hero, and gazed open-mouthed at the wonderful book. In his heart was the happy conviction that this fine gift *ought* to settle the question of Rob's election as president.

Two weeks from that first evening the great election was to come off; and in the meantime the new members were chosen and invited to come in.

Eligoneering of a vigorous kind was going on, but the two boys who were considered the main candidates knew little about it. Simmons and Rob were such good friends that the other boys hesitated to let them know they were definite rivals.

The great night came at last.

Just as the members were filing upstairs, followed by the envious eyes of the outsiders, the door-bell rang, and a huge pile of packages of various shapes and sizes appeared, with an expressman behind them.

"Something for you, Pierson," called Mr. Keasby, holding up a big box, and with two bounds Rob and Shorty were on the hall floor untying the heavy cords.

"It's a picture," Shorty said, lifting the contents out and tearing off the tissue-papers.

But Rob only gasped. There, framed in ebony and set between two sheets of glass, was the Washington letter! He knelt on the floor, with the letter in his hands and such a look of overwhelming joy that Shorty gulped down a queer lump in his throat as he watched his chum's face.

When the precious letter was laid on the table in the headquarters, and the eager members gathered around to examine it, Rob's joy and pride were tremendous. He was in the midst of explaining all about the letter when he remembered the envelop that had dropped out as he opened the box. In it, he found, was only a card on which was written, in his uncle's hand, "Presented to the B. A. Society by the Discoverer." This he held clasped in his hand as the meeting was called to order by Shorty, the chairman *pro tem*.

When the time for the actual election came there were but the two nominations, — Simmons and Pierson, — and Rob, who *had* hoped he might at least receive a nomination, was surprised by the way the boys clapped and stamped and tooted when his name was put up.

After a bit of a pause, while they got their breath, Simmons stood up and, with a flushed, eager face, exclaimed: "Say, boys, I'm proud to be even nominated, but I'm just going to ask that you let me back out and give Pierson a unanimous election. Any fellow who could start this club, nose out a real Washington autograph letter, and write and print and bind that history of his, ought to be the first president of the society, and no mistake!"

The catcalls and howlings of applause that followed were so vigorous that Mr. Keasby came to restore peace.

"No harm done, sir," they assured him. "But you can come in and help count Pierson's unanimous vote, if you like," some one added; and Keasby went away laughing.

The happiest day that Rob Pierson has yet experienced was that one when he stood beside his famous letter and explained to all the boys the circumstances under which it was written — to all the boys of the school, invited, at Professor Richardson's suggestion, to a reception in the headquarters on Washington's Birthday.



BY ADELE BARNEY WILSON.

SOME ages ago,—a dozen, perhaps,—

In a far-away land that is not on our maps,
There lived a young king whose riches and
greatness

Were only surpassed by his youthful sedate-
ness :

He read and he studied when his work was
all done ;

His wisdom and justice amazed every one ;
And money he spent with such careful intent
That the national debt was reduced to a
cent.

But in the whole kingdom complaining was rife,
Because the young king had ne'er taken a wife.

"It's all very well while he lives," the folk said,
"But who will rule o'er us when once he is
dead ?

Perhaps his proud cousin from over the ocean
Will make us his subjects—we don't like the
notion.

We want him to give us a son for his heir,
To whom our allegiance forever we 'll swear."
And one day they vowed they would go in a
crowd

To make known their grievance that hung like
a cloud.

And so they drew up a petition to carry
To the popular king, to persuade him to marry.

The petition was penned by a learned com-
mittee,

And signed by his subjects in country and
city ;

And when to receive it the king had consented,
The ponderous scroll was duly presented.

He read it all once, then read it once more :
The force of its logic he could not ignore.

"Good people," he said, "to please you I 'll
wed,

And soon to the altar the bride shall be
led ;

A wife and a queen I 've no cause for refusing,
But I 'll have my own way in the method of
choosing."

With satisfied smiles the people withdrew,
But how he 'd select her they *did* wish they
knew.

Like fair Cinderella, because of her beauty?
Or the poor Sleeping Maid, whom to wake
was a duty ?

'T was thus that they chattered as homeward
they clattered,

Until the whole crowd different ways had
been scattered ;

While the king took his journal and found a
blank page,

To fill it with comment instructive and sage.

"I ask not for beauty," the words that he penned;

"For when youth has departed, that comes to an end.

I care not a straw for manners majestic;
Far better to be just plain and domestic.
And since I know well that my own faults
are many,

How can I expect *her* not to have any?

But (let who will say that my standard is comical)

On this I insist: THAT SHE BE ECONOMICAL.

"No wasteful, extravagant hand will I choose,
My good people's taxes to squander and lose;

My queen must be willing to guard the state
coffer;

To such a one only the crown will I offer."

He snapped the pearl clasp of his own private book,

So that no prying eyes in its pages could look.

Next morning the king took his usual ride,
His favorite courtiers close at his side;
Each high-stepping steed with proud arching
neck

A-quiver with life and impatient of check;
The laughter and singing, the bugle-calls
ringing,

The flowers that before them the children were
flinging,

United in making so gay a procession,
Of its beauty words give but a feeble impression.

The cavalcade passed from the old city gates
To the beautiful roads of the country estates,
Then on to the farms, where the vines and
the flowers

Transformed humble dwellings to fair floral
bowers,

And stopped at a door where a plump, blooming
lass

Peered through the small panes of diamond-
shaped glass.

With heart wildly beating, she curtsied her
greeting.

"He 's seeking a wife!" her brain kept repeating.

And the king, who had never looked grander or
graver,

Said kindly: "Dear maiden, pray grant me a
favor.

"Of course," he continued, "you know how to
bake,

And often make biscuits and cookies and
cake?"

She answered with pride which she could not
disguise.

"And patties," he queried, "and tartlets and
pies?"

"Your Majesty, yes; even now I am making
Some pies that are very near ready for bak-
ing."

So then he explained that his call appertained
To a wish for the bits of the dough that re-
mained,

As his horse, he averred, had a curious passion
For eating these scraps in a ravenous fashion.

"I 'll give him a treat, then," she cried, running
toward

The table, where lay the great white molding-
board,

And scraping a cupful, she carried it out.

"The quantity pleases," she thought, "without
doubt.

Though, alas!" and her face grew suddenly
doleful,

"Had I known it in time I 'd have saved a whole
bowlful."

But as the gay throng swept laughing along,
She returned to her work with a jubilant
song,

And spent the whole day dreaming dreams most
romantic,

And building air-castles whose size was gigantic.

From that morning on, the king stopped every
day

At some humble cottage along the highway,
And begged for his horse the scraps of rich
dough

Which all the fair cooks seemed so glad to
bestow;

But, spite of his courtiers' nudges and winks,
Preserved his own counsel, close-mouthed as
a sphinx;



"AND BEGGED FOR HIS HORSE THE BITS OF RICH DOUGH."

While each damsel tried, as a matter of pride,
To see who the largest amount could provide.
And his horse, which seemed to approve the
whole matter,
Kept on every day growing fatter and fatter.

Some weeks had thus passed when the cavalcade stood
In front of a house at the edge of a wood,

From whose shadows came tripping a shy
little maid,
Abashed by the splendor before her displayed.
She heard with surprise the king's usual question,
And gasped with dismay at the very suggestion.

"The scrapings of dough? I'm sorry it's so,
But I never have even a crumb left, you know:

My mother has taught me it 's wicked to waste
The least little fragment of pie-crust or paste.

"I measure with care the smallest ingredient,
To make the amount which she thinks is expedient.

And into the dough she says that I must
Most carefully work every scrap of the crust;
And if all has been planned exactly and true,
My molding-board 's clean when I am quite through.

Yes; there in the oven are my pies in a row,
And here is my board without one scrap of dough."

"Economical maid!" the king cried in rapture,
"You 're exactly the one I 've been trying to capture.

Where others are reckless, you take pains to measure;

The bits they would squander you frugally treasure;

Their prodigal habits have filled me with scorn,
But such thrift as *yours* a throne should adorn.

So, unless you object, I command and direct
The people to hail you the king's bride elect.
You shall rule by my side over all this broad land";

And he bent low to kiss her tiny brown hand.

She trembled and blushed, quite unable to speak,

And her long lashes lay in a fringe on her cheek;

While proudly he led her out of the door,
Rejoiced that his search was happily o'er;
And cheer after cheer rent the soft morning air

From the loyal young courtiers who stood waiting there.

To the palace they wended, with triumph attended,

And a great gala-week with a wedding was ended.

And the king ne'er regretted throughout their long life

The method he followed for choosing a wife.



HOW TO STUDY PICTURES.

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

A series of articles for the older girls and boys who read "St. Nicholas."

FOURTH PAPER.

COMPARING RUBENS WITH VELASQUEZ.

PETER PAUL RUBENS (BORN 1577, DIED 1640);
DIEGO RODRIGUEZ DE SILVA VELASQUEZ
(BORN 1599, DIED 1660).

THE student of art, when he reaches the period of the seventeenth century, turns a sharp corner. Italy is left behind, Spain attracts his attention to the west, while far to the north Holland and Belgium beckon. Immediately three of the greatest names in art rise to our notice — Rembrandt, Rubens, and Velasquez. It is with the last two that we are concerned this month.

The pictures selected as a basis for the study of these two giants in art are "The Descent from the Cross," by Rubens, and "The Maids of Honor" ("Las Meninas" in the Spanish), by Velasquez. "The Descent from the Cross" was painted when Rubens was thirty-five. He had completed his education by a sojourn of eight years in Italy. He was now returned to Antwerp, and one of the first works in which he revealed himself to be a master was "The Descent from the Cross." "The Maids of Honor," on the contrary, was painted by Velasquez only four years before he died, and represents the finest flower of his maturity.

Possibly our first impression of the Rubens picture will be "How beautiful!" of the Velasquez, "How curious!" In the former the figures almost fill the canvas, and are grouped so as to decorate it with an imposing mass of light and shade and a beautiful arrangement of lines; whereas in the other the figures are all at the bottom of the canvas and do not present a similarly beautiful pattern of lines and masses. The one looks like a magnificent picture, the other seems to be rather a real scene — as, indeed, it was. The story of "Las Meninas" is that Velasquez was

painting a portrait of the Spanish king and queen (who sat where the spectator is when he looks at the picture). Their little daughter, the Infanta Margarita, came in with her maids of honor, her dog, and her dwarfs, and accompanied by her duenna and a courtier. The little princess asks for a drink of water; a maid of honor hands it to her with the elaborate etiquette prescribed by the formalities of the most rigidly ceremonious court in Europe. The scene presented so charming a picture that the king desired Velasquez to paint it. The artist has included himself in the group, at work upon a large canvas on which it is supposed he was painting a portrait of the king and queen when the interruption occurred. The reflection of the king and queen appears in the mirror at the end of the room, and the chamberlain, Don José Nieto, stands outside the door, drawing the curtain. The scene is, indeed, represented with such wonderful realism that a famous French critic said of it: "So complete is the illusion that, standing in front of 'Las Meninas,' one is tempted to ask, 'Where is the picture?'"

It is the mature work of a painter whose motto was "*Verdad no pintura*" ("Truth, not painting"). By comparison, the principle which Rubens followed is "Painting and truth." Let us see how the two ideas are illustrated in the two pictures.

"The Descent from the Cross" arouses one's feelings of awe and pity to an extraordinary degree. This is partly due to the actual moment in the great tragedy of the Redemption which the artist has seized. The terrible anguish of the Crucifixion is past; the poor, limp body is being tenderly cared for by the faithful few who have come, under the cover of night, to render the last office to the Dead. Joseph of

Arimathæa is superintending the lowering of the precious burden; young John, the beloved disciple, supports its weight; Peter has mounted the ladder, with characteristic eagerness, but the

attendant figure, though so different in its individual expression of feeling, joins with the others to make an impression of deepest, reverential tenderness. Then, in contrast to these strong forms,



"THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS." BY RUBENS.

memory of his denial is with him, and, fixed in contemplation of the divine face, he lends no hand; and the three Marys are there—the one stretching out her arms with a mother's yearning love and grief, the Magdalene grasping the foot that she had once bathed with her tears. Each

so full of life and feeling, is the relaxed, nerveless body of the Dead. I wonder if ever the pitiful helplessness of death, or the reverent awe that the living feel in the presence of their beloved dead, has been more beautifully expressed than in this tender and majestic painting.

Let us try to discover by what means Rubens has achieved this result. We have mentioned the contrast between the bodies of the Dead and the living figures. It is an illustration of the painter's power to suggest the physical sense of touch and the feelings in the mind aroused by

people is the more easily roused; for people more readily appreciate hard and soft, rough and smooth, stiff and limp, hot and cold, than the colors and shapes and grouping of objects. It is this sense of touch which Rubens had so wonderful a skill in suggesting. Look, for ex-



"THE MAIDS OF HONOR." BY VELASQUEZ.

it. A lesser artist might have conceived this way of presenting the scene, and drawn all the figures in the same positions, making, in fact, the same appeal to the eye, and yet not have affected us in the same way, because he would make no appeal to that other sense of touch, which really in most

ample, at the modeling of the shoulders and head of Peter. What strength and bulk and sudden tightening of the muscles, as he turns and holds himself still! The line of the shoulders and the direction of the eyes point us to the Saviour's head. This has dropped of its own

weight as the hand of the man above let go of it. The left arm is still grasped by the other man — at the elbow, observe, so that his hand not only helps to sustain the weight of the body, but keeps the forearm stiff. We feel that when he lets go, it too will fall lifeless. Compare, also, the huddled, actionless position of the Saviour's form with the strong body of John, braced so firmly by the legs. So, one by one, we might examine the figures, feeling in our imagination the physical firmness and muscular movement that each would present to the touch, contrasting with the limpness of the dead body.

Rubens has made sure that we shall have only a feeling of pity as we look upon it — partly by depicting in the living figures reverence and tenderness in which we instantly share, and partly by the beauty of the composition.

Let us study the picture's composition: first, in its arrangement of line; secondly, in its arrangement of light and shade, though the two are really blended. Every figure in the composition has either the beauty of grace or that of character; and the most beautiful is the Saviour's, which has the elongated, pliant grace of the stem and tendrils of a vine. And the drooping flower upon it is the head, to which all the principal lines of the composition lead. Start where you will, and follow along the direction of the figures, and your eye finally rests upon the head. It is the focus-point. And note that on the edges of the group the lines begin by being firm and strong in character, gradually increasing in suppleness and grace as they draw near the sacred figure, until finally all the dignity and sweetness of the picture come to an intensity in the head. Lest the central figure should be lacking in impressiveness as a mass, its effect has been broadened by the winding-sheet, against the opaque white of which its own whiteness of flesh is limpid and ashy in tone. Apart from the flesh-tints, the other hues in the picture are black, very dark green, and very dull red. Thus by its color as well as by the lines the figure of the Saviour is made the most prominent spot in the composition. Moreover, placed as it is upon the most brilliantly lighted part of the picture, its own tender lighting is made more emphatic. We might say that a beautiful and solemn melody is represented by

the lighter portions of the composition, while the dark supply a weighty and magnificent accompaniment.

In this distribution of light, as well as in the arrangement of the lines, there has been a careful building up of effect; everything is calculated to arouse the emotion and make at once a noble spectacle and a profound impression. Painted as an altarpiece to be viewed from a distance, it is an example of the "grand style," represented most often in Italian art.

Compared with it, "The Maids of Honor" may appear to have little grandeur. This Rubens picture presents a beautiful pattern of decoration, while in the Velasquez picture more than half the canvas is given up to empty space; the figures in the Rubens have a grand flow of line, those in the Velasquez seem stiff and awkwardly grouped; the first excites our emotion, the second our curiosity.

Before studying closely this painting of "The Maids of Honor," we must recall the fact that in 1628 Rubens visited the court of Spain for nine months; that Velasquez watched him paint and came under the fascination of his personality; that he saw Rubens's admiration for the great Italian pictures which hung in the king's gallery; that by the advice of Rubens he shortly afterward visited Italy and studied in Venice, Milan, and Rome. In fact, Velasquez was well acquainted with the grandeur of Italian painting; and in the middle period of his life, between 1645 and 1648, he executed a grand example of decorative painting — his famous "Surrender of Breda." It is a noble decoration, and at the same time one of the finest historical paintings in the world.

So it was not because he did not know what other great painters had done, or of what he himself could do to rival them on their own ground, — for the "Surrender of Breda" could hang, without loss of dignity, beside a Titian, — that he turned his back upon the Italian grand style, and in the years of his maturity produced "The Maids of Honor," a new kind of picture. It was new because it was the product of a new kind of artist's eyesight, of a new conception of realism.

We have seen in Hans Holbein's "Portrait of Georg Gyze," in the January number, an

example of that kind of realism which is solely occupied in giving a faithful representation of the figure and its surrounding objects. But if you compare the portrait with Velasquez's picture, you will feel, I think, that the attention is scattered over Holbein's picture, while in the case of Velasquez's the eye immediately takes it in as a whole. The little princess is the center of the scene, the light being concentrated on her as it is around the principal figure in Rubens's picture; but though our attention is centered on the child, it revolves all round her, and immediately embraces the scene as a whole. The picture gives us a single vivid impression of the scene.

If we turn back again to "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Maids of Honor," do we not realize a much more instantaneous and vivid impression in the Velasquez? The Rubens, also, is a noble example of unity; but it is a unity of effect produced chiefly by the balance of the dark and light parts. Rubens has put the light where he needed it for his composition; Velasquez has taken it as he found it. Streaming through the window, it permeates the whole room, not striking the figures simply on one side and leaving the other dark, but enveloping them and penetrating to the remotest corners of the ceiling. Even in the reproductions, you can see how much more real the light is in the Velasquez; how it is bright on the parts of the figures that lie in its direct path; less bright in the half-lights, where it strikes the figures less directly; reflected back, as, for example, from the dress of the little princess to that of the maid on her left; how it steals round everything and penetrates everywhere. For Velasquez recognized that light is elastic and illuminates the air. Hence he was the first to discover a new kind of perspective. Men long ago had learned to make lines vanish from the eye; to make the figures diminish in size and shape as they recede from the front; and to explain the distance by contrasts of light and shade. But he discovered the perspective of light. By the most delicate rendering of the quantity of light reflected from each and every part of the room and the figures and objects in it, he has given to the latter the reality of form and to the room its hollowness and distance.

Painters distinguish between the color of an object and its color as acted upon by light. Thus, in the case of a white dress, they would say that white was not white like a sheet of paper; it varies in degrees of whiteness, according to the quantity of light reflected from its various parts and from surrounding objects. And these varying quantities of light they call "values." Velasquez excelled in the rendering of values.

His wonderful management of light introduced an appearance of real atmosphere into his pictures. You have only to compare this Velasquez with this Rubens to be sure that this is so.

Having thus briefly (and therefore imperfectly, I am afraid, for it is a large and difficult subject) glanced at the things that Velasquez tried for, we are in a better position to understand how his realism was a realism of impression. First, he saw his subject at a single glance, eye and hand instantaneously working together; and he confined his impression to what a less keen eye, assisted by him, could also take in as a single impression. Secondly, by his marvelous penetration into the action of light and his skill in rendering it, he set upon the canvas the scene, as he had received the impression of it, with such subtle fidelity that our own observation is stimulated, and we receive the impression vividly.

By this time the picture should no longer appear to be empty, nor the figures crowded at the bottom. We should feel that the background and ceiling are connected by that vertical strip of light up the edge of the canvas with the figures in the foreground, so as to make a unified composition of balanced masses of light and less light. In the wonderful truth to life of the figures,—the exquisite daintiness of the little princess, the affectionate reverence of the maids, the grotesqueness of the dwarfs, and the courtly sensitiveness of the artist's figure,—we should have entered into the intimate human feeling of the whole group and ceased to be troubled by the curious style of the costumes.

These costumes, more than likely, and the fact that Velasquez lived in the palace, painting courtly scenes and portraits, had much to do with his striking out a new style. How could he introduce those hooped skirts into a picture in the grand manner of Italian painting? His

great genius was therefore compelled to find another way, and did find it in directions which were new and lasting additions to the art of painting.

Rubens, on the other hand, not less original, took from the Italian style what could be of use to him, and then built upon it a style of his own. He was as intellectual a man as Velasquez, and, like the latter, was accustomed to court life; but while Velasquez, bound to the most punctilious, and superstitious court in Europe, was driven in upon himself, Rubens traveled from court to court with pomp as a trusted envoy at liberty to do as he pleased. As an artist, Rubens had the wonderful faculty of being constantly in a white heat of imagination, while perfectly cool and calculating in the control of his hand. Hence the enormous output of his brush.

Velasquez for nearly two centuries was forgotten outside of Spain. Italian art continued to be the model to imitate; and, even when a return to the truth of nature was made at the beginning of the nineteenth century, sixty years passed before this great example of "truth, not painting" was "discovered." Then a few painters visited the Prado Museum at Madrid, which contains most of his pictures; others followed, and the world became gradually conscious that in these pictures of Velasquez, especially in the wonderful series of portraits of the king and members of the court which he made during forty years of royal intimacy, there was revealed a great and solitary genius. Since then he has exercised such an influence upon modern painting that he has been called "the first of the moderns."



A BIT OF GOSSIP AT THE RECEPTION.

"Do you think they are natural?"

"Of course not! Anybody can see she uses a curling-iron!"



PINKEY PERKINS

"JUST A BOY"

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

I. HOW "PINKEY" ACHIEVED HIS HEART'S DESIRE.

VALentine DAY" was fast approaching, and "Pinkey" Perkins was daily growing more and more despondent. He was deeply in love, and how to secure a suitable offering to lay on the altar of his devotion was what puzzled him. His own finances aggregated exactly sixteen cents, and he shrank from enlisting his mother's aid, because of his hesitation in admitting to any one the infatuation he had fostered for weeks.

Pinkey could not bear to think of some other boy sending Hattie Warren a bigger and a costlier valentine than he did—or, in fact, sending her any valentine at all. If another suitor did send her one, she would very likely learn his name by finding his initials discreetly concealed in some obvious place on the valentine, or by some broad hint spoken in her presence. Pinkey was very formal in his ideas of propriety, and heartily disapproved of such methods as being contrary to the rules of valentine etiquette.

Pinkey's school-teacher, Miss Vance,—or "Red Feather," as she was universally known among her pupils,—had consented, after days of persuasion by the girls, to allow a "valentine-box" in school on that important day. The pupils could deposit their anonymous love-tokens in the box at any time during recreation hours, and there would be a distribution of the same just before dismissal time, both at noon and at four o'clock.

It was on this occasion that Pinkey hoped to

show the affection he cherished for his Affinity, by sending her a valentine which should be, beyond question, the most elegant of all.

The prettiest valentines in town were to be found at the "Post Office Book Store," owned and conducted by Mrs. Betts, a widow to whom an economical postmaster rented a part of the large room used as post-office.

The valentine upon which Pinkey had set his heart was a large, fancy, lace-paper creation, over a foot square and nearly two inches thick. It was composed of several layers, held apart by narrow accordion-like paper strips. In the center were two large embossed hearts, one overlapping the other and both pierced by arrows fired from the bows of half a dozen cupids distributed around the border. At each corner and at the top and bottom were profusely decorated scrolls, on which were printed, "I adore thee," "Wilt thou be mine?" and other touching phrases. The light upper part was hinged to the heavier back, on which, in fancy type, were these lines:

If you but knew the pleasure
And the joy 't would bring to me
If my own and onliest treasure
Forever you would be,
All your doubt and vain misgiving
Would be changed to love like mine,
And our lives would be worth living,
For you 'd be my VALENTINE.

This valentine was easily the handsomest one in town, and, besides, it expressed Pinkey's sen-

timents so perfectly that it drove him to the depths of despair to think that he could not buy it for his Affinity. It cost a whole dollar, and having, as he did, but sixteen cents, and lacking the assurance to ask credit for the remainder, he felt doomed to disappointment.

If Pinkey had been in the book-store once to see that valentine, he had been there twenty times. He came ostensibly to inquire for the mail, but invariably remained to gaze long and fondly into the show-case at the coveted prize, and to picture to himself the joy it would bring to the heart of his Affinity to receive it. Not even to "Bunny" Morris, his bosom friend, did he confide his burning desire to buy it. He felt it would not be doing right to *her* if he should trespass on the sacred ground of his infatuation by talking about it.

Do not think that Pinkey was the only one who saw and admired the valentine. Others of his age, and perhaps older, had longed to buy it; but the price was beyond the reach of all.

Whenever any one of Pinkey's school-fellows came into the store while he was there, he would edge aimlessly away from the show-case toward the counter where the comic valentines were displayed. Three times, to his knowledge, within the week preceding Valentine Day, his Affinity had stopped before the show-case where reposed the large lace offering and had openly admired it. Pinkey was, of course, apparently oblivious to all this, but who can say that his Affinity's

hopes were not realized as her comments fell on alert ears? Once Pinkey had heard her actually price it, and his heart gave one great bound, then stood still. If she *should* purchase it, would she send it to him? Oh, what joy! But



"PINKEY REMAINED TO GAZE LONG AT THE COVETED PRIZE."

suppose Eddie Lewis, his hated rival for her affections, should be the favored one! That thought almost suffocated him.

Going home from school on the afternoon before Valentine Day, Pinkey, as usual, stopped at the post-office to inquire for the mail and to take one last look at the unattainable. He had given up all hopes of purchasing the large valentine, and had decided to invest his slender

means in one of the smaller and, for him, very unsatisfactory substitutes.

There were several people in the store, most of them children bent on the same errand as Pinkey. He looked at all the valentines whose prices were within the limits of his funds, and at last selected one that seemed to him the best he could do for the money.

As he stood there, waiting to make his purchase, he saw a boy, older and larger than himself, pick up from the floor a fountain-pen which had fallen from a card on which several were displayed, glance furtively about him, and then drop it into his overcoat pocket and deliberately walk out of the door. Mrs. Betts had her back turned at the time, and so knew nothing of the occurrence.

Pinkey was much disturbed by what he had seen. His first impulse was to tell Mrs. Betts; but, before he had a chance to do so, he dropped that suggestion of his conscience as being decidedly unwise. Pinkey had no desire to become a party to the deed by keeping mum; but he was only a boy, and he did have a wholesome regard for his own bodily welfare. He knew that if he told on the culprit the latter would "lay for" him, as Pinkey said to himself, and he also knew only too well how he should fare in the result.

While he was studying over the matter another idea struck him, which, while it involved a deal of uncertainty, would, if it succeeded, accomplish the same result and at the same time be of benefit to himself. Pinkey pondered long and hard over the matter. He counted his pennies over and over, and at length decided to try his scheme, though it meant the postponement of his purchase until noon the next day and might prevent it altogether.

So, without even spending the one penny he had set aside for a "comic" to send to Red Feather, he left the book-store and went home.

Next morning he felt rather guilty as he went with the crowd to school, being one of a very few who were not carrying one or more jealously guarded envelopes to be deposited in the box.

When Pinkey reached the school-house he immediately instituted a search for the boy with

the fountain-pen. It was Pinkey's intention to procure the pen, if possible, and return it to Mrs. Betts, having in view its restoration to the rightful owner as well as the possibility of



"PINKEY SAW A BOY PICK UP A FOUNTAIN-PEN."

reward — which reward, Pinkey hoped, might take the form of the long-wished-for valentine. If it did not, he would endeavor, by neat diplomacy, to secure the return of his purchase-money, at any rate.

Pinkey soon located a group of boys in the basement, and rightfully surmised they were "trading." He approached the group, and there, sure enough, among the participants in the arguments attending exchange, was the boy he was seeking. He was engaged in a discussion of the relative values of the fountain-pen, in its present empty state, and a four-bladed, bone-handled, "I X L" knife. The owner of the knife argued that "I X L" was a solemn guaranty of "razor-steel," while the boy with the pen declared that "X L N T" were the mystic letters that denoted that quality.

Not desiring to betray special interest in the pen, Pinkey devoted a few moments of his attention to other bargains that were being driven with all the arts known to the juvenile trades-

man. Some boys were "dropping knives." "Whole blade or no trade," and "Red leather, trade forever," were the usual iron-clad agreements that made the exchange binding.

Presently Pinkey turned his attention to the unsettled argument concerning the knife and pen. It was plain that harmony of opinion was out of the question, and Pinkey felt this a good opportunity to make the effort to procure the pen.

"What 'll you take for her, Jimmy?" he inquired, assuming an indifferent air.

Jimmy did n't know just exactly what he de-

"Naw; gimme twenty cents—that's cheap," pleaded Jimmy.

Pinkey protested that the pen would not write as it was, and that it might be no good even if it *was* filled.

This was a damaging possibility; so, after the necessary final arguments, Pinkey finally secured the coveted pen for the munificent sum of fifteen cents and a jews'-harp "to boot." After he had concluded his bargain he retired from the market, and no amount of temptation could induce him to part with it.

The morning seemed interminable as Pinkey restlessly awaited the dismissal time, when he could return the pen to Mrs. Betts. When noon at last came, and Red Feather was distributing the valentines, Pinkey, without even waiting to see if there were any for him, hurried off to the post-office, tightly clutching in his hand the fountain-pen. He was filled with a mixture of satisfaction at the success that had so far attended his efforts, and concern as to the ultimate outcome.

Rushing in the door, he fairly thrust the pen into the hands of the astonished Mrs. Betts, saying: "I saw a boy pick this pen up off the floor yesterday and carry it away with him, and to-day I traded him out of it and brought it back." It was some moments before Mrs. Betts could definitely grasp the meaning of Pinkey's burst of speech. When she did recover from her surprise, she began to question him as to the boy's identity, but Pinkey stoutly declined to divulge it. He gave as his reason that the boy was bigger than he and would "lick him" the first time he caught him out.

In spite of Pinkey's reticence, Mrs. Betts knew him too well to attach any suspicion whatever to him. She pressed him with reasons why he should tell her for her own protection, and he was finally persuaded to whisper in her ear the boy's name.

(It may be stated here that this information caused her to be on the lookout whenever Jimmy was in the store, and resulted in eventually bringing him to the bar of parental justice.)

Not desiring to allow such apparently artless honesty to go unencouraged, Mrs. Betts began to look about for some tangible reward. While doing so, she remembered how, during the holi-



PINKEY GETS THE PEN.

sired most, and asked Pinkey what he had to trade.

"Ain't got nothin' much here to trade, but I 'll give you ten cents for her if you want to sell 'er."

This put new life into the transaction—cash, owing to its chronic scarcity, being invariably above par. But Jimmy must not appear anxious and ruin his chances for a rise.

"Aw," he argued, "she's worth more 'n that. She's worth a quarter, anyhow."

"Ain't got a quarter; give you twelve cents," said Pinkey, knowing he must bargain closely, and not daring to name his limit too rapidly.

days nearly two months previous, Pinkey's sole desire in life had been to receive an air-gun outfit for Christmas. Day after day he had come in and fondled the precious rifle and hoped it might fall to his lot; but his hopes had not been realized, and he had been heartbroken for weeks afterward. So she decided that would be about the most acceptable gift she could bestow.

Taking from the shelf the bright-colored box containing the entire outfit,—gun, target, arrows, and all,—she turned to Pinkey, saying: "Pinkey, here is the air-gun you wanted so badly last Christmas. I want you to accept it from me as a remembrance for returning the pen."

When Pinkey heard this he was between two fires. His former desire for the air-gun, which could now be his, returned with all its old-time fervor, and yet his more recent longing for the valentine was unabated. A dozen times, during the five minutes he had been in the store, his eyes had wandered irresistibly to the showcase where it still lay unpurchased.

Twice, while Mrs. Betts was wrapping the box in heavy paper for him to carry home, he attempted to ask that the valentine be substituted for the air-gun, and twice the words refused to come. As she placed the box in Pinkey's arms, he gave one hopeless look at the valentine, muttered some unintelligible thanks, and started for the door.

But love for his Affinity finally prevailed, and, turning resolutely about, he marched back to the counter and laid the box down, saying: "Mrs. Betts, if you'll let me, I'd like to trade this air-gun for that big valentine over there. It don't cost near as much as this, but I'd lots rather have it."

To say that Mrs. Betts was surprised would be putting it mildly; but since Pinkey was the one to be satisfied, she was perfectly willing that he should choose what suited him best, especially as the valentine, from her point of view, was much the less valuable article.

When the exchange was effected, Pinkey was surprised to find how happy he felt, and he ran all the way home to show the valentine to his mother. He was bursting with exuberance and must unburden himself to some one, so he naturally chose her. He told her how he had

longed for the valentine, but hated to ask her for the money to buy it, fearing she would think him foolish to want to send such an expensive one. He told her all about the fountain-pen



PINKEY GETS THE VALENTINE.

and the air-gun, and how he had induced Mrs. Betts to exchange the latter for the valentine.

He was too happy to detect a misty look in his mother's eyes as he concluded his story by asking her to address the valentine for him—"because," he bashfully admitted, "she'd know my writin'."

Pinkey could scarcely eat his dinner, so anxious was he to get back to school and deposit his valentine in the box before anybody saw him. It was such a large affair that, if it were once seen, it would attract immediate attention and be recognized later.

As his Affinity entered the room, just before the study-hours began, Pinkey thought he noted a serious expression on her face. He had not remained to see whether she received a valentine at noon, and down deep in his heart he hoped she had not, and that this might be the cause of her despondency.

Throughout the long afternoon she seemed

very much depressed, and not once, to Pinkey's knowledge, did she even glance in his direction. But her solemnity could not temper his elation as he thought of the great, beautiful valentine peacefully reposing at the bottom of the box.

When school was dismissed and Red Feather, with unbending dignity, began distributing the valentines, Pinkey felt his heart beating away like a steam-hammer. At last his name was called, and he marched boldly up to the platform. He opened the envelop, and found, to his disgust, that he had received a "comic," a terrible caricature of an artist, no doubt suggested to the donor by Pinkey's habit of drawing pictures on his slate.

This raised his ire to the boiling-point. He was thinking deep threats of revenge, if he ever found out who sent it, when his name was called a second time.

This time he received a real valentine. It was a very small edition of the kind he had mailed to his Affinity! He studied the address critically. It had been printed by an unpractised hand, and at first he could obtain no clue whatever to the sender. Then he recognized the "J." Nobody on earth but his Affinity could make a "J" like that. Instantly he forgot his "comic" and the thoughts it had aroused in him, and a feeling of peace and general good will pervaded his entire being.

When Red Feather announced that the last valentine had been distributed, Pinkey's heart

sank in him like a stone. What had become of the offering for his Affinity? He turned and whispered savagely to Bunny Morris, who was standing beside him and the only person there whom he would dare take into his confidence:



"MISS HARRIET WARREN," SHE READ."

"Go up 'n' tell her to look in the box again. Tell her you know there's another 'n' in there."

Bunny did as he was bid. Red Feather searched the box carefully, and there, snugly filling the whole bottom, was the large, flat package which, in the shadows, she had overlooked.

"Miss Harriet Warren," she read; and as

Pinkey saw his Affinity's face brighten as she looked squarely at him and blushingly approached the platform, he felt repaid one hundred times over for the sacrifice of the air-gun.

Hattie Warren was at once surrounded by all the girls in the room, whose curiosity, getting the better of their envy, stimulated the desire to inspect at close range the valentine they all had admired in the show-case.

"Who sent it?" "Who sent it?" was the cry that came from all sides.

"Look at the wrapper," suggested one. "Whose writing is it?" They looked, but it was familiar to no one.

"Look on the inside of the box," "Look on the back of it," were some of the further suggestions from the curious ones.

After inspecting it all over, one of the girls detected some letters and figures on the back of the valentine, written diagonally across one corner. These were at once investigated, as possibly furnishing a clue to the giver's identity.

"E. L.," shouted one of the girls. "Eddie Lewis sent it, and it cost a dollar!"

This announcement staggered Pinkey. He thought it must be a joke, until one after another verified the telltale letters. He could in no way account for the initials of his rival being on the back of the valentine, for it had not been out of his possession after he received it until he placed it in the box. He was beside himself with indignation and perplexity. He hoped Eddie Lewis would speak up and deny sending it; but, instead of so doing, Eddie assumed a knowing, mysterious look, and said nothing.

All this was too much for Bunny Morris's sense of justice; and, without waiting to see what Pinkey was going to do, he blurted out: "Pinkey Perkins sent that valentine. Eddie Lewis did n't have anything to do with it."

Every one looked at Eddie, to see what he would do. Instead of defending himself against Bunny's accusation, as they expected, he shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and said evasively, "I never *said* I sent it." A minute later, when attention became centered on

Pinkey, Eddie silently opened the door and left the room.

Pinkey tried to look unconcerned, but he made a dismal failure. He tried to assume a vexed air, but he only grinned and blushed to the roots of his hair.

But what could the letters "E. L." signify, if not Eddie Lewis? No one else in school had the same initials. As a last resort, Red Feather, who was by this time ready to depart from the noisy throng, was consulted. She saw through the mystery at once.

"E. L.," said she, "is the cost-mark. It is n't anybody's initials."

If there were any possible remaining doubts as to who sent the valentine, Pinkey forever dispelled them by chasing Bunny Morris madly around the room, and out of the door into the yard, shouting as he ran, "Bunny Morris, if you ever tell on me again, I'll —"

The threat was lost in the distance.



THE PRACTICAL BOY.

BY JOSEPH H. ADAMS.

FOURTH PAPER.

HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES.

A MIRROR AND SHELVES.

AN ordinary oblong mirror can be converted into a shaving-mirror and shelves with a few additional pieces of woodwork, as shown in Fig. 1. A mirror of almost any size can be con-

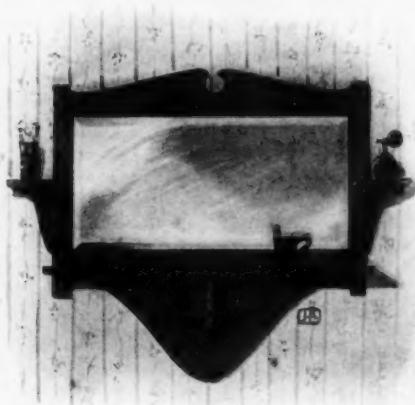


FIG. 1. A MIRROR AND SHELVES.

verted into this new design, so that it will be unnecessary to lay down any sizes to be followed.

The upper side ledges are cut as shown at A in

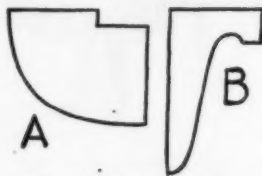


FIG. 2. DETAILS OF BRACKETS.

Fig. 2, and the two brackets that support them are cut as shown at B. The ledge under the glass is three inches wide and extends an inch beyond the length of the mirror-frame at each end.

A smaller shelf, rounded at the ends, is supported below this by a bracket, and the wall-plate against which they are attached is cut with a compass-saw in a sweeping curve.

The top board is cut out in the same manner, and attached with long, slim screws.

A TRIPLE SHAVING-GLASS.

IN the illustration an idea for a triple shaving-glass is shown that is made from three mirrors of equal length and width, unless it is preferable to have the middle one wider. They are

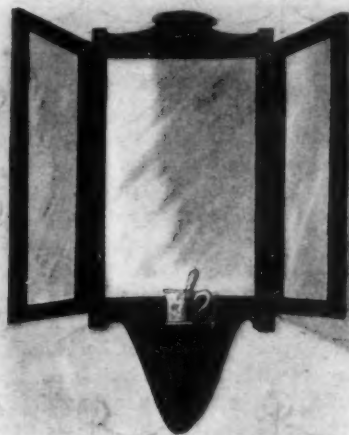


FIG. 3. A TRIPLE SHAVING-GLASS.

mounted in plain wooden frames, and united with wrought-iron hinges, over which ornamental straps are laid, cut from thin sheet-lead and blackened to imitate wrought-iron.

A crown-piece is cut from wood for the cen-

tral mirror. Under this middle mirror a V-shaped wall-board is arranged with a half-circular ledge and bracket to support a shaving-cup. The two side mirrors are mounted in moldings having a rabbet cut about half an inch deep. The frames should be not less than seven eighths of an inch in thickness, so as to accommodate backing-boards behind the glass. The thin backing-board can be purchased from a picture-frame maker for a few cents a square foot.

Over these backing-boards and the frame a suitable material, such as denim or cretonne, can be stretched and tacked fast all around the edge to give the outside of the glasses a good appearance when the doors are partly or wholly closed.

The woodwork can be stained or painted any desirable shade to match other furniture in the room. As the mirrors are heavy, they must be securely fastened to the wall, particularly at the top, as there is a great deal of strain on the top anchorages when both mirrors are standing out at right angles to the wall.

A WALL-POCKET AND HOOK-BAR.

For the side wall in a bedroom, dressing-room, or bath-room, a wall-pocket and hook-bar will often be a welcome convenience.



FIG. 4. A WALL-POCKET AND HOOK-BAR.

The wood need not be more than half an inch thick, and plain joints can be made with glue and screws, and the screw-heads hidden

with imitation lead heads. This pocket can be made any size to fit a wall-space, but from 18 to 24 inches in length will be a good size. The space between shelves can be 6 inches, and from the bottom shelf to the hook-bar the distance is 4 inches. Soft wood can be stained and varnished any desirable color, or the wall-pocket can be painted to match the woodwork in the room.

A CUP AND PLATE PYRAMID.

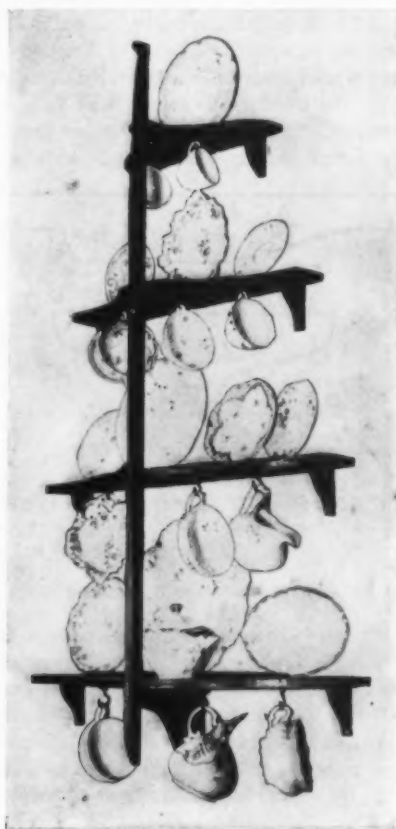


FIG. 5. A CUP AND PLATE PYRAMID.

THIS is another attractive dining-room feature, and is very simple to construct. Three of the shelves are cut with a serpentine front, as shown, and measure 26, 22, and 18 inches respectively, as at A in Fig. 6, while the top one is 12 inches long and cut as shown at B in

Fig. 6. The shelves are 6 inches wide at the middle, and three of them are $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide at the ends, while the top one is rounded off as shown.

Short brackets, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, support the shelves at 2 or 3 inches from the ends, and under the middle of the bottom shelf a larger bracket, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and 8 inches long, is cut.

A notch is cut in the front of each shelf and a corresponding one in the staff that binds the shelves together at the front, so that they are spaced, from the bottom up, 11, 10, and 9 inches apart respectively.

Slim steel-wire nails two inches long will secure the brackets to the wall, or long, slim screws may be used in preference, as they will hold better if they strike a lath, without re-

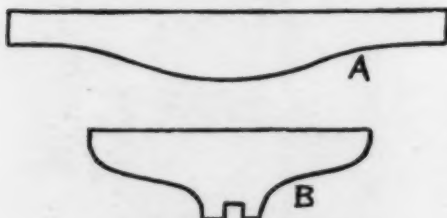


FIG. 6. DETAILS OF BRACKETS.

bounding and breaking the plaster away. The woodwork may be finished in any of the weathered-oak stains and given a coat of thin shellac, or painted; it is purely a matter of choice.

A BOOK-SHELF AND PIPE-RACK.

For the library or den a convenient piece of wall furniture is shown in the illustration of the book-shelf and pipe-rack.

If it is possible to get a piece of wood 24 inches wide and 26 inches long, it will answer for the back; but if not, then two pine or white-wood boards, 12 inches wide and $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick, can be glued together. The shelves are 6 inches wide and 24 inches long, and are spaced $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart. This space can be made smaller if it will be used only for small books.

With a compass-saw the top and bottom lines of the back board are cut, and under the lower shelf three supporting brackets are screwed fast to both the shelf and the wall-plate.

A plan for the brackets and wall-plate may be drawn on brown paper and transferred to

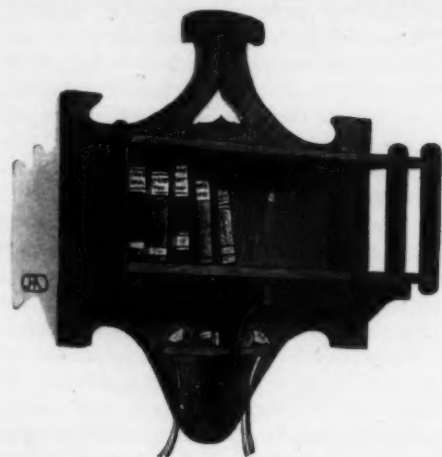


FIG. 7. A BOOK-SHELF AND PIPE-RACK.

the wood, on the lines of which it will be an easy matter to follow with a saw.

Two small quarter-circular shelves are attached to the middle bracket, and a few holes made in them will accommodate pipes.

The upper shelf is supported by two slats at each end, that are attached to the ends of the lower shelf with screws and glue; and over the screw-heads some imitation lead heads are attached with slim wire nails and afterward painted black, or the natural wood can be stained.

A SHOE-BOX AND WINDOW-SEAT.

A USEFUL shoe-box and window-seat is made from an ordinary box, 16 inches wide, 12 inches deep, and about 30 inches long. Four legs are

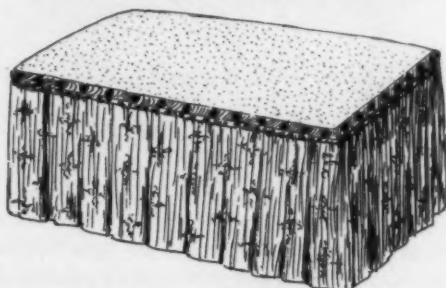


FIG. 8. A SHOE-BOX AND WINDOW-SEAT.

nailed to the corners, as shown in Fig. 9, and a lid is made from three boards and attached to the rear edge of the box with iron hinges, as shown also in the figure below.

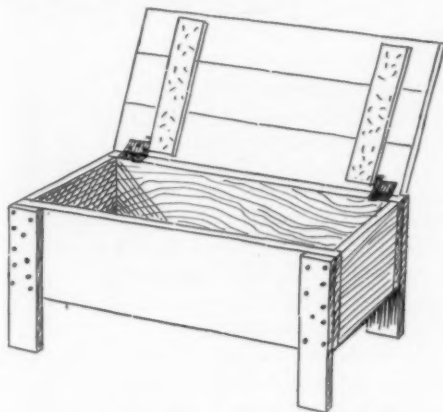


FIG. 9. DETAIL OF THE SHOE-BOX.

On the top of the lid spread a few thicknesses of cotton batting, and over this lay a piece of denim or cretonne, either plain or with a figure, and tack it down around the edge of the lid with large, oval-headed upholsterers' tacks, as shown in Fig. 8 on the preceding page. The boy's sister or mother can help him with this.

A BUTLER'S TRAY.

FOR the house that is not built with a butler's pantry, or for the mother who does her own housework, a very convenient accessory

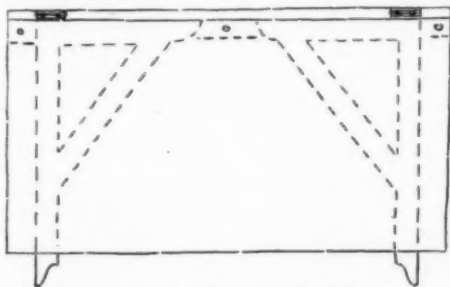


FIG. 10. DETAIL OF BUTLER'S TRAY.

in the dining-room, and one that a boy can make, will be a drop-ledge and butler's tray.

Dishes can be removed from the table and

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laid temporarily on the tray, which can be located conveniently in the dining-room and partly hidden by a screen.

Two brackets on hinges will support the shelf when it is up, but when it is dropped the brackets fold in against the wall, as shown in Fig. 10.

The ledge and brackets are of pine or other suitable wood, $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick, and planed on all sides and edges. The tray is of white-wood, $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch thick, and put together securely with glue and screws.

The ends and handle-grips are cut with a compass-saw and finished with sandpaper; then the tray is stained and varnished to match the shelf and brackets.



FIG. 11. A BUTLER'S TRAY.

Back of the drop-shelf a horizontal strip two inches wide is fastened to the wall by means of a wall-plate securely screwed fast to the wall; and down from it, the length of the brackets, two more strips an inch thick are attached to the wall.

The shelf is hung to the two-inch strip with hinges, and to the vertical strips the brackets are attached with hinges also. These strips are securely fastened to the wall with long screws, for on them depends the support of the shelf and the tray with its load of dishes. In cases of this kind, drive the nails or screws into the studding and not into the lath.

LOCK SHELVES.

In a cellar store-room it is often convenient to have a portion of the shelves locked, for the better protection of preserves, provisions, and unbroken packages of various grocery supplies.

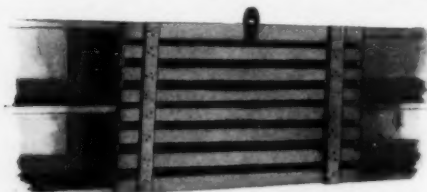


FIG. 12. LOCK SHELVES.

For this purpose slat doors, as shown in Fig. 12, can be used. The slats are from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick and 2 inches wide, and are fastened to the battens with clinch-nails or screws driven from the inside. If much locked store-room is needed, it will be better to have several slat doors instead of one large one. From 4 to 5 feet is a convenient length. Fasten with a padlock and hasp, as shown.

A VEGETABLE-BIN.

For the corner of the cellar, and where it is convenient to the staircase, a very useful vegetable-bin can be made from a few boards and slats, so that the finished result will appear as shown in Fig. 13. The bin can be made any length and width, but for the home of average size it need not be more than 6 feet long and 18 inches wide, with each compartment from 16 to 20 inches wide.

The front, back, and ends are 10 inches high, and two of the partitions are the same height; but the partitions for the potato and turnip compartments extend up 18 inches above the top of the bin, to enable each one to hold more vegetables than the low compartments will contain.

The bin rests on two battens nailed to the brick or stone foundation walls of the cellar two feet above the floor, and at the exposed corner a foot or leg 24 inches long supports it.

The bottom of the bin is made of long slats nailed an inch apart, so that the dirt from the vegetables will fall through to the floor, from which it can be swept up more easily than it can be removed from the boxes or compartments.

The ventilation, due to the slat bottom, prevents the vegetables from decaying as quickly as they would in a box with a tight bottom. If you will notice potato, onion, or apple barrels in transit, you will always find cuts made in the barrels, so the air can circulate freely around the vegetables, thereby insuring their keeping qualities; and if a farmer or shipper neglects to slit his barrels, you may be sure the commission merchant or consignee will do it directly the barrels reach him.

Across the tops of the high partitions, and propped up at the exposed end of the bin, a shelf or ledge, 10 inches wide, will accommo-



FIG. 13. A VEGETABLE-BIN.

date cabbage, lettuce, bunches of carrots, parsnips, or various other vegetables that may be purchased as stores for a few days.

In the above illustration only five compartments are shown in the main part of the bin, but a bin of almost any length can be constructed, depending upon the space at hand and the requirements of the family.

We take occasion to repeat what we have said in a previous number—namely, that the various dimensions here given may usually be modified at will, so long as the general plan, as shown by the illustrations and descriptions, is followed.

HETTY MACDONALD'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

BY ELIZABETH ELLIOT.

If any one had ever called Hetty Macdonald's attention to the matter, she would have agreed that it was n't much fun to be the middle one. She adored her grown-up sister, tall, pretty, blonde Christine; and was scarcely less devoted to her second sister, Virginia, who was just about to leave school. And as to the twins, whose classic names, Romulus and Remus, were always abbreviated to Omy and Emy, which was more convenient if not as imposing, it would have been hard to persuade Hetty that there ever had been or ever would be again two such darling, mischievous, lovable boys as they were.

Much as she loved the twins, there were times when Hetty found them rather a trial. They were only five, and of such unwearying activity that they still really needed the undivided attention of an athletic nurse with muscles of steel and no nervous system. But Mrs. Macdonald could not afford this luxury; and, as she was a very busy woman herself, the sisters had to divide the care of the boys between them. When Hetty came home from school she was always warmly welcomed by Christine, who had been more or less on duty all day; and by the twins, too, for Hetty was much more fun than the older sister, who had theories about prompt obedience, consideration for others, etc., which were far too much of a handicap for their free spirits.

Somehow it came to be known in the school that Saturday was Hetty's birthday. She did n't remember having mentioned it; there was n't much time or money spent on birthdays in the Macdonald family. She would much rather nothing had been known about it. All the girls in her class, as their birthdays came round, had had a party. These had been the occasion of great excitement and anticipation. Hetty had been asked with the others, and had eagerly accepted the invitation. She knew she would be expected to reciprocate and, in her

turn, to entertain the class. She had said as much as she dared on the subject at home, but had received no encouragement whatever.

"Please, Hetty dear, don't ask to have a party this year," said her mother. "I have all I can do now attending to Christine's company. Just rip this ruffle off, and then run down and see what the twins are about."

So Hetty dropped the subject, except for a scattering fire of broad hints, which were not even recognized as hints by the family. But, though dropped at home, the theme persistently bobbed up at school.

"Is n't next Saturday your birthday, Hetty?" asked Marion Dodge at recess.

The miserable Hetty confessed that it was.

"You'll be thirteen, won't you?" went on the inexorable Marion. "Going to have a party?"

"Don't bother me, Marion," said Hetty, with unaccustomed incivility. "I've just *got* to finish this map before school begins."

But the subject was only postponed, not abandoned. After school, as the girls were getting on their hats, another girl opened it. This time it was Katherine Carter.

"You'll be thirteen Saturday, won't you, Hetty?" she said. "Is n't it fun to have your birthday come on Saturday? You're going to have a party, of course?"

"Yes, Hetty," chimed in the eager chorus; "do tell us. Are you going to have a party?"

Driven to the wall, Hetty realized that there was no possibility of evading the question. She never knew what spirit of desperation took sudden possession of her.

"Yes," she said calmly; "I am. All of you come Saturday afternoon at three o'clock."

There was a joyous chorus of acceptances, and Hetty found herself a very popular personage, walking home in the midst of a lively group gaily planning what they should wear and what they should do at her party. She found

it somewhat difficult to enter into the spirit of the occasion, as her mind would wander to the question of how she should break the news to her mother, and how it would be received.

As she parted with Marion, the last of the group, and made the rest of her way alone, Hetty's heart sank lower. How was she ever going to face her mother and tell her what she had done? She resolved that she would do it right away, and at least have that part of the problem off her mind. But when she reached home she saw at once that this was no time to act on her resolution.

Her mother met her at the door.

"Oh, Hetty, child, I thought you were never coming," she said. "Please run right down and get some more sewing-silk to match these samples. Miss Gilbert will be all out of it in fifteen minutes. And you'd better take Emy and Omy with you. It is perfectly impossible for us to attend to them and the sewing at the same time."

Hetty thought to herself rather grimly: "I'll just say right out: 'Mother, I'm going to have a party Saturday.'"

But she thought better of it and started off on her errand, with the twins gaily trotting at her heels or ahead of her, frolicking like young colts in their joy at being released from the bondage of indoors, and traveling four or five times each block of the way as they pranced back and forth. Hetty plodded along with unusual unresponsiveness, going over and over in her mind the various ways she could plan of telling her mother what she had done. When she came home again there were lessons and the twins, the table to set and the twins, and a general hurry and scramble till those little time-consumers had been put to bed. After they were asleep they looked so angelic, with their white nightgowns and their clean faces, that Hetty stayed for several extra kisses and felt mean that she had ever got tired of them. She determined to stay awake till her mother came up, in order to get the load off her mind; but the quiet and darkness were too much for her healthy and tired little body, and she never knew when her mother stooped to tuck her in and kiss her good night, nor anything more till she was wakened in the bright morning sunshine

by a heavy pillow thumping her on the face as it missed Omy.

There was never time in the morning, when there was always a frantic rush to get through everything that had to be done before time to go to school; so Hetty started off with her lunch and her books and the much heavier burden of black care riding on her shoulder.

At school it was no better. As her class assembled and at recess, in the lively twitter of girls' voices there was an ever-recurring refrain of "Hetty Macdonald's party," "Hetty Macdonald's party," which poor Hetty thought would drive her mad.

On returning home, a strange serenity reigned in the house. There was no one visible till Hetty went upstairs and found Virginia hard at work on her Latin, the high-school girls being released an hour earlier than those of the lower grades.

"Where's mother?" demanded Hetty.

"She's gone," said Virginia, absently. "Aunt Ruth's ill and mother is to stay with her all night."

Hetty's heart fell like lead. All night! In the morning it would be too late. Oh, why had n't she told her mother at first? How much worse it was to have it all come upon her at the last minute! She was so worried that even her sisters noticed her depression and said:

"Are you ill, Hetty? For goodness' sake, don't get ill while mother is away."

"I've got a sort of headache," stammered Hetty; "I think I'll go to bed soon."

After she had gone, Christine said rather anxiously: "The child looks pale, and she never talks about headache. I do hope she is n't going to be ill."

"Oh, she's just tired romping," said Virginia, easily. "Do see if you can help me make any sense of this Latin gibberish."

For once Hetty lay awake, heavy-hearted. When she did finally get to sleep, her last waking thought was a fervent wish:

She "just hoped there would be an *awful* thunder-storm, so that the girls could n't come."

But the gay morning sunshine blighted poor Hetty's hopes of a storm. Her mother came home about noon, to be greeted with as warm

a welcome as if she had been gone a week. But Hetty watched the clock feverishly as the hours slipped by.

"Nothing will happen," she thought desperately. "Nothing will happen. They are all getting ready to come now."

The early afternoon sped quickly. It was

But at this moment Emy and Omy dashed into the room, both talking at once and fairly bursting with importance.

"Hetty," panted Emy, "'s a lot of girls downstairs, all dressed up—"

"And they say," screeched Omy, drowning him out, "they 've come to Hetty's party!"

"What in the world are you children talking about?" inquired their mother, in a vexed tone. Then, with sudden realization of Hetty's words and her dress, "Hetty," she said sternly, "did you know they were coming?"

"Y-yes, mother, I did," sobbed Hetty.

To Mrs. Macdonald, with her Southern instincts and traditions of hospitality, that "yes" transformed the girls from simple school-girl comrades into the sacredness of "invited company," with all its recognized rights.

"Boys," she said, turning to the twins with swift decision, "go right down and tell the girls that Hetty will be there in a minute; I am just fixing her hair. And then you come back and get on your clean suits."

The twins thumped down the stairs, proclaiming in piercing

tones on each step: "Hetty 's got a party! Hetty 's got a party!"

"Now, Hetty," said her mother, quietly, "tell me all about it, quickly, while I braid your hair. And, whatever you do, don't cry."

Hetty swallowed her tears, and, while her mother with quick, deft fingers braided her hair and tied on her best bows, stammered out her story of how all the girls had parties on their



"SHE STARTED OFF ON HER ERRAND WITH THE TWINS."

nearly three o'clock when her mother came upstairs, where Hetty was studying her lessons.

"Hetty," she said, "I wish you would—why, child, what have you put on your best frock for?"

Hetty turned red, and the tears, so long kept back, sprang to her eyes.

"Oh, mother," she began, half sobbing. "Somehow I never could tell you—"

birthdays, how she had never had a party, and when they asked her she could n't bear to say no; and how she had tried to tell her mother.

"Well," said her mother, decidedly, "I'll do what I can for you; but it is a particularly inconvenient day, and I never heard of anything so inconsiderate. Now go downstairs and entertain them, and keep the parlor door shut, and send Emy and Omy to me, and tell Virginia she may leave her practising and come to me here."

Hetty turned to start, about as cheerfully as if she had been going straight to the annual school examination. Her mother saw the downcast air and the pathetic appeal in the little girl's eyes, and her whole mother-nature sprang to meet it. Busy and hurried as she was, her duty to the guests had been uppermost, but at that look came the thought of her duty to her own little girl. She gathered the child into a quick, close hug.

"Darling," she said, "never mind. Don't look so mournful. Go and have a good time. Mother'll fix things for you."

"Oh, mother," gasped Hetty, "you are so good!"

And then she ran downstairs with a feeling of warm comfort around her heart which she had not known for days; and it was not many minutes before the chatter and laughter of the gay girls' voices convinced Mrs. Macdonald that the party was well under way.

To Hetty, in the parlor, the afternoon sped away like a happy dream. She caught a glimpse of Virginia flashing past the window on her wheel, riding like mad down-town. Then all anxiety rolled off her mind and the glad buoyancy of childhood asserted itself. Everything was all right. Mother knew about it; mother would see to things. Then it seemed no time before Virginia was in the parlor, in a fresh white dress and with her hair tied at the back of her neck with a perfectly enormous white bow, pounding out two-steps with athletic precision on the piano, while the girls gaily bobbed about the room, under the impression that they were dancing. Then from some mysterious corner Virginia produced a large black-and-white map of Cinderella,—it could hardly be called a picture,—with her foot poised ready for

the calico slippers which the blindfolded girls did their best to pin on it. Such joyous shrieks as they stuck them wildly on the walls and the curtains and one another, and everywhere but on the patiently poised foot! And *where* did Virginia get the pretty Japanese fan which Katherine Elliot waved proudly as the prize, and the red tin horn on which Gertrude Lansing loudly tooted her despair at being the booby? At the sound of the horn the twins could no longer be held in leash, but burst tumultuously into the room, in their clean duck suits, and were rapturously welcomed by the girls, who thought them "too cunning for anything."

From time to time Hetty caught sounds of rustling and the clinking of china in the dining-room behind the folding-doors. The effect was distinctly "partyish" and delightfully promising. But when the doors at last rolled back, it seemed to the little girl as if her heart would burst with its mixture of pride, gratitude, remorse, and affection, as she saw the dining-room. It was carefully darkened to give effect to the festive light of wax candles. There was her mother, dressed in her best black-lace dress, passing round the prettiest painted plates. Christine, in her pretty new pale-green mouseline, with a knot of black velvet high up in her yellow hair, was pouring chocolate into the best cups, and dropping generous "dabs" of whipped cream on top of each one. There were the most enchanting little rolled sandwiches and brown and pink and green ice-cream. There were even crackers to pull. But the crowning glory was a massive white cake in the center of the table. Hetty instantly recognized its fluted cornice and turret as adornments she had seen in the confectioner's window only the day before. But, wreathed with vivid nasturtiums and with thirteen red candles burning in a dazzling circle upon it, it was indeed a glittering vision.

After it was all over, and Virginia had got out her camera and "taken" the pretty group of girls in their white frocks out on the piazza, and happy Hetty had received the last assurance of "the loveliest time," "the nicest party we ever had," etc., and the last white frock had fluttered away, the little girl flew back to the dining-room, where her mother was busy "clearing up."

"Dearest, darling mother," she cried, "how good you were! I did n't deserve it! I had been *such* a sinner! But it was the beautifullest *real* party! How did you ever manage it?"

cheerfully; "but we are so glad it was such a success, for your sake, dear."

"I'll never ask for any more parties again as long as I live," said Hetty, contritely.



"VIRGINIA WAS IN THE PARLOR, FOUNDED OUT TWO-STEPS, WHILE THE GIRLS BOBBED ABOUT THE ROOM, UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THEY WERE DANCING."

Not a word did Mrs. Macdonald say about the plans she had given up for that Saturday afternoon, or the economies she must practise to make up for the unusual expense.

"Well, we did have to fly round," she said

"Oh, yes, you will, for a good many, I hope. Never neglect, though, to consult your mother first, for you may be sure that if it is possible and she thinks it wise, you can always depend upon her permission and help."



A FROLIC ON THE ICE -- "SNAPPING THE WHIP."

MRS. TUBBS'S TELEGRAM.

(A Comedy in One Act.)*

BY KATHARINE McDOWELL RICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MRS. TUBBS.

ROWENA,

AMELIA,

TOMMY,

TEDDY, and

OTHER LITTLE TUBBS,

*Children of
Mrs. Tubbs.*

MRS. RAVEN,

MRS. DONNELI,

MISS SIMPKINS, and others,

TELEGRAPH BOY.

*Neighbors of
Mrs. Tubbs.*

PLACE: Kitchen of Mrs. Tubbs at Cinder Corner.

Curtain rises showing MRS. TUBBS at work in her kitchen, washing. TOMMY TUBBS looking out of window.

TOMMY TUBBS. Ma, oh, ma! There 's one o' them telegrapher boys a-comin' in here!

MRS. TUBBS. [*Excitedly wiping her hands on her apron*] In here! Oh, Tommy, what on earth 's happened? It must be from your

Aunt Sarah. Nobody ever telegraphs here 'less it 's sister Sarah. I hope she ain't dead! She ain't seen the parlor sence the rug went down!

Enter TELEGRAPH BOY.

BOY. Telegram for Mrs. Tubbs.

MRS. T. Oh, you make my heart go 'way down in my throat! Is there any answer to it?

* See page 382.

Boy. Nothin' said 'bout any answer to me.

MRS. T. Then it's death. That's the only thing there 's no answer to. I 'm all of a tremble. Tommy, you call Mrs. Raven to read it. [*Exit TOMMY, calling, "Mis' Raven!"*] You better wait, boy. P'raps there 's an answer.

Boy. I can read it for you, if you like.

MRS. T. No; I 've sent for Mrs. Raven now, and she might be offended if she come in and found you readin' it. Mrs. Raven does all the readin' for the house. You know Mrs. Raven? [*Boy shakes his head negatively*] Well, you will when you see her, 'cause she allus dresses in black. No matter if she 's buyin' jest a calico, she never gets anything but black. I guess I 'll open the telegraph and see if it looks long or short. It 's these short telegraphs that 's so dreadful. [*Opens sheet and looks at it*] It 's a long telegraph; ain't it, boy?

Boy. [*Glancing at telegram*] It 's a ten-worder, ma'am.

Enter MRS. RAVEN and TOMMY.

MRS. T. [*Hands telegram to MRS. RAVEN*] I am perpared for the worst. I think it must be from sister Sarah—that she has telegraphed she has passed away.

MRS. RAVEN. [*Takes telegram and reads, her eyes and mouth opening as she does so*] Why, Mrs. Tubbs! Who 'd 'a thought it!

MRS. T. [*Faintly*] Is sister Sarah alive?

MRS. R. I guess so. I don't know. [*Mrs. TUBBS gasps and closes her eyes*] This ain't from her at all, but it 's a piece of news as must be broke gentle. It ain't your sister Sarah that 's dead. This is from your daughter Roweny.

MRS. T. Roweny dead! [*Steadies herself on table, then falls back into chair*]

MRS. R. Bring a dipper of water, Tommy. There! [*Throws some in MRS. TUBBS's face, then in loud and measured tones*] Roweny ain't dead. Nobody 's dead.

MRS. T. [*Faintly*] Why did n't you say so in the beginning? You said it was bad news.

MRS. R. I said it was news as must be broke gentle; that 's what I said. It takes just as good management to break good news as to break bad news; not that I say this is good news. I don't think it 's wisdom yet for you to know just what kind o' news it is. But even

if it was good news, people has been known to faint and go into fits and have apperplexity and rush o' blood to the head, and strokes even, over gettin' good news, and I don't intend none of these things shall happen to you. Tommy, let your mother drink some o' that water. [*Mrs. T. obeys meekly. Then to TELEGRAPH BOY*] You 'd ought to run right back to the telegraph place. You know people say you boys waste a deal of time on your errands.

Boy. [*Points to MRS. TUBBS*] She asked me to wait and see if there was an answer.

MRS. R. [*Relenting*] Oh, did she? Well, there ain't none. An', if there is, Tommy can take it.

Boy. Somebody 's got to sign my book. [*MRS. R. takes book and BOY shows her where to sign*]

MRS. R. I can't never sign in a little place like that. Ain't there a blank page somewhere? Right in here, you say? Why, look a-here, that 's Mrs. Donnell's name! Mary Donnell. But she never wrote that, I know. Why, that 's real pretty writing.

Boy. There was a young lady there a-callin' that wrote it for her.

MRS. R. What 'd they get a telegram about over there, do you know?

Boy. No, ma'am; I don't.

MRS. R. [*Signs in slow, clumsy, labored way*] Well, they ain't got any news equal to Mrs. Tubbs's news, I can tell 'em that.

MRS. T. I think I 'm strong enough to hear it now, Mrs. Raven.

MRS. R. No, you ain't. You 're trembly as can be.

MRS. T. Well, let the boy have the pleasure o' knowin'. He 's been very kind to wait. Tommy, bring him a doughnut. [*TOMMY brings doughnut. MRS. R. whispers to BOY, who opens his eyes and draws prolonged whistle*]

MRS. R. [*Delighted at the impression made*] I guess you better stay an' hear it. You better set down, too, an' rest—you little boys has to run so hard over the whole city with all these telegraphs. [*BOY seats himself. MRS. R., with telegram in hand, keeps her eyes on MRS. T. Reads*] "T. P. Form I. Pacific Railway Company's Telegraph. Terms and Conditions."

BOV. You don't want to read that printin'. It 's the writin' below that 's to read.

MRS. R. [*With cold stare*] I don't want to? Who 's to know as well as I what I want?

MRS. T. [*Motions to BOV not to interfere. Aside to BOV*] Don't aggrivate her or she might n't read it, and there 's nobody else in the house can read telegraphs till some o' the children gets home.

MRS. R. [*Drawing herself up in offended manner*] Do you wish to hear all the telegraph, Mrs. Tubbs, or only part of it?

MRS. T. Let me hear it all. I am perpared for the worst. You tell me it 's from Roweny, and she ain't dead. I only hope she ain't crippled. [*With sudden fear*] Oh, Mrs. Raven, it ain't that; is it?

MRS. R. No, no, no. In fact, this telegraph as much as says she never will be crippled.

MRS. T. [*Moans*] But that shows there 's been an accident or they would n't be sayin' anything about her bein' or not bein' crippled.

MRS. R. Now I 'll wait until you are calm again. [*MRS. T. motions to MRS. R. to proceed*]

MRS. R. [*Reads*] "All messages are received by this company for transmission subject to the terms and conditions printed on their blank form No. 2, which terms and conditions have been agreed to by the sender of the following message." [*To MRS. TUBBS*] You see, Roweny had to agree to all this [*Points to top of telegram*], and it is only proper [*Looks severely at BOV*] we should know what she 's agreed to. You understand, Mrs. Tubbs, they told Roweny all this, and she was willin' to agree to it all?

MRS. T. [*Wiping her eyes*] Roweny was allus a good girl. She 'd be willin' to agree to it if they told her it was all for the best.

MRS. R. [*Reads*] "This is an unrepeatd message, and is delivered by request of the sender under these conditions." That 's Roweny, you know. She 's the "sender." You understand all that, don't you, Mrs. Tubbs?

MRS. T. I don't think I quite understand about its bein' an "unrepeatd message," or somethin' like that.

MRS. R. You could n't be expected to understand that with your nerves all unstrung as they be. It means this: [*Significantly*] Roweny

did n't want this telegraph repeated all over New York; she just wanted it to you from her.

MRS. T. Roweny was allus so considerate.

MRS. R. So even this boy did n't know what it was till I told him. Did you, boy?

BOV. No, ma'am; I did n't.

MRS. R. It 's a great deal nicer to have 'em come unrepeatd. Prob'ly they cost a good deal more, but Roweny would n't mind that.

MRS. T. I allus told Roweny she was far too ready to spend her money in little ways on me. She 'd really ought to sent it cheaper.

MRS. R. Well, evidently Roweny ain't stoppin' for money these days. [*Looks closely at telegram*] And she 's got the name of the superintendent of the telegraph works on here, and about six other names—all of 'em great persons from the way their names read.

MRS. T. Roweny was allus a great hand for gettin' people's names. She got the Sunday-school superintendent and a lot of other names on her recommend papers when she went away.

MRS. R. I don't know as there 's any need o' readin' all these names. They 're sort o' foreign-lookin' and hard to pronounce, not but what I could pronounce 'em if I took time to it, but we 've seen enough to know the telegraph is all right.

MRS. T. I think I 'm strong enough now to hear what Roweny has wrote, Mrs. Raven.

MRS. R. Well, you do look better. [*Regards her critically*] Your countenance is better.

MRS. T. If there ain't any answer the boy ought n' ter wait. You 've told him the news, and Tommy, you give him another doughnut. [*TOMMY runs for doughnut and presents as before. Exit BOV*]

MRS. R. I 'll tell you one thing at a time, Mrs. Tubbs, and see how you take it. Roweny 's got three children.

MRS. T. [*Gasps and clutches MRS. R.*] Roweny—three children!

MRS. R. She don't say whether they 're girls or boys. She just says: [*Consults telegram*] "Three children."

MRS. T. I don't see why Roweny should be adoptin' children. She ain't got no home for 'em and they can't come here. Can you understand it, Mrs. Raven? I 'm sure I can't.

MRS. R. Yes, I can understand it perfectly, and so can you when it 's all broke to you.

MRS. T. I wish I could hear it just as Roweny sent it.

MRS. R. Well, it 's well you did n't, 'cause if your nerves is so overwrought now, what would they be if you 'd 'a' known it all to oncet? [*Noise outside. MRS. DONNELL'S voice heard calling out in excited tones to some neighbor*]

Enter MRS. DONNELL.

MRS. DONNELL. [*Rushes in with arms up-raised*] Ach, what has happened? Poor Mis' Toobs! I see the boy had a tilegraph for Mis' Toobs. We had a tilegraph, too, 'bout one o' Mamie's b'ys; he 's died from overstudy of the brain. And soon 's I could, I run over to see what bad news Mis' Toobs had. The tilegraph b'y was here so long I thought she might 'a' gone into a dead faint or somethin', but I could n't come sooner. Did yere tilegraph come paid?

MRS. R. [*Grandly*] Yes, Mrs. Tubbs's come all paid, and it was an unrepeatable message and cost nobody knows what. The boy even said he did n't know what was in it. It was very private—just from Roweny to her mother.

MRS. T. I 'd be glad to have Mrs. Donnell stay and hear it, Mrs. Raven.

MRS. D. [*Takes seat*] Thanks. How fortunate ye was here to break the news, Mis' Raven.

MRS. R. [*Majestically*] I was n't here. They sent for me. And I got here in time to save her—yes, before she 'd heard a word of it. If I had n't 'a' been home the telegraph boy would have read the whole thing right out to her. [*MRS. DONNELL breathes a deep sigh of relief*]

MRS. T. [*To MRS. DONNELL*] Roweny 's adopted three children. [*MRS. DONNELL holds up hands in surprise and dismay*]

MRS. R. You ain't heard it all, Mrs. Tubbs. The children belongs to her husband. He 's a widower.

MRS. T. Roweny married! [*MRS. RAVEN motions to TOMMY for more water. Both women bend over MRS. TUBBS*]

MRS. R. This is just what I knew would happen if we broke it sudden. But she may as well know all the rest now. Yes, Mrs. Tubbs, Roweny is married to a gentleman with three children; and can you bear it all right if I go

on, Mrs. Tubbs, and tell you the rest? [*MRS. TUBBS nods her head energetically*] Her husband is a millionaire!

MRS. D. [*Throws up both arms, dipper flying across the room*] Ye don't say! Ye don't say! Well, well, this is cause for congratulations. I 'm awful glad for ye, Mis' Toobs, and all yere family. I only hope it won't take ye away from Cinder Corner, but I s'pose the next thing ye 'll be livin' with Roweny on Fifth Avenue. Well, well. They say stranger things happens in rale life than in books, and I begin to belave it.

MRS. T. [*Gazes about in dazed way*] There 's no mistake about it?

MRS. R. [*Reads in self-vindication*] "Have married a millionaire. Three children. Return home Thursday next."

MRS. T. [*Takes telegram and gazes vacantly at it*] Nothing sister Sarah did ever surprised me so much as this. To be sure, she married a rich man, but she allus said she was goin' to, and so nobody was much surprised. But Roweny has allus said she was n't goin' to marry anybody. She allus said she wanted to go as a missionary to the heathens, and I don't see how she come to change her mind.

MRS. R. Well, I guess it would change anybody's mind to get a millionaire as easy as Roweny 's got hers.

MRS. D. There goes Miss Simpkins. I must tell her the news. [*Motions frantically from window*]

Enter MISS SIMPKINS, in great concern.

MISS SIMPKINS. What is the matter? Has Mrs. Tubbs had one o' her spells?

MRS. R. I broke some news to Mrs. Tubbs too hasty, I 'm afraid. We had a telegraph here this morning.

MISS S. [*Snaps off her words*] You did! Why, I 've been settin' right in the window trimmin' a new hat, and I never once saw the telegraph boy, nor did n't even see Mrs. Donnell come over.

MRS. R. [*Impressively*] It was an unrepeatable message.

MISS S. Oh, that explains it. I thought the telegraph boy could n't been on the street and I not know it.

MRS. R. [*Patronizingly*] The telegraph boy

brought it just as he would a common repeated message; but this was a special message, it said, from one person to another, and nobody is allowed to know of it but the two persons and the superintendent of the works. They cost something fearful, these unrepeatable messages. The boy did n't say how much.

MISS S. I never even heard of them. [*Stiffly*] Perhaps I'd better not stay if it's so dreadful private. [*Rises to go*]

MRS. T. I want Miss Simpkins should know the news. She's allus been a good friend to Roweny. Set down, Miss Simpkins.

MISS S. [*Seats herself*] Oh, 't was from Rowena, was it? I s'posed, Mrs. Tubbs, it was from your sister. I'm awful sorry if anything's happened to Rowena.

MRS. R. Well, it has happened, and you need n't be sorry, neither.

MRS. D. It ain't bad news: it's about the bist ye can guess. Roweny Toobs is married to a man with three million dollars.

MISS S. Goodness! Where'd she find him?

MRS. D. We don't know.

MRS. R. [*Reads telegram*] "Have married a millionaire. Three children. Return home Thursday next."

MISS S. Well, I don't envy her with three children to bring up. But I will say Rowena Tubbs will make a good step-mother.

MRS. R. I've always said as how something good would come to Roweny Tubbs from her bein' so faithful to Sunday meetin'.

MRS. T. [*On verge of tears*] She allus went twice a day.

MRS. R. She always went, whatever the weather and [*Looks significantly at MISS SIMPKINS*] whether she had a new hat or not. But here comes the children. They must hear the news. But it can be broke different to children. They never take anything hard.

Enter children, noisily, with school books and bags. They run to the box of doughnuts and each takes one, then remove their things, which they hang up or not, just as they please.

MRS. R. [*Catches hold of children*] Children, something has happened, and I want you to hear it. [*Arranges them in line*] Now, in the first place, do you know what a millionaire is?

TEDDY. [*Raises hand*] It's a kind of naughty mobile.

MRS. D. [*Proudly*] Well, now, that *is* an idee; ain't it? I should n't wonder if Roweny would ride right up to the door on her orter-mobile; and it would be the first one on the street!

T. Is Roweny comin' home? Hooray! hooray! [*Children all caper about*]

FIRST LITTLE TUBBS. When's she comin', ma? Can I set up to see her?

SECOND LITTLE TUBBS. Can I set up to see her?

THIRD LITTLE TUBBS. Can I set up to see her?

MRS. R. [*Again lines up children*] Your mother has had a telegraph this morning.

CHILDREN. Oh!!

AMELIA. [*Pertly*] Was it from Aunt Sarah?

MRS. R. No; it was from Roweny.

A. I did n't know she had a telegraph. I thought only Aunt Sarah had a telegraph.

MRS. R. [*Impressively*] Roweny will have everything your Aunt Sarah ever had.

A. [*Whimpering*] Has Aunt Sarah died?

MRS. R. No, child. [*Goes to Amelia*] Stop crying. Nobody said your Aunt Sarah had died.

A. [*Sobs*] You said Roweny was to have all her things.

MRS. R. I said no such thing. Roweny will have as much as your Aunt Sarah ever had. Listen. Do you know what a millionaire is?

A. [*Catches her breath as she speaks in broken sentences*] When it's a man it's four horses, two behind the others; and when it's a woman it's a cloak lined with fur on both sides, and long feathers on their hats, and everything set in di'monds. [*Mrs. D. nods approvingly*]

MRS. R. Do you know what it is for a person to get married, Amelia?

A. Yes, 'm.

MRS. R. Well, what is it?

A. [*Trying for some time to form a definition*] It's what Miss Simpkins ain't.

MISS S. [*Rises in high dudgeon*] Well, I declare! I've a mind to leave this house and never set foot in it again!

A. Oh, Miss Simpkins, please don't. I did n't mean anything. I might just as well have said what sister Rowena ain't. Sister Rowena's never going to marry. She said people could do just as much good 'thout bein'

married. And she 's goin' to the heathen some day and take me with her. Please don't be mad at me, Miss Simpkins. Rowena says we must never let people stay mad at us. We must n't let the little mad grow into a big mad, but we must take it right at the beginning and tell any one we 're sorry, and ask them to forgive us. [*Clings to Miss S., who shows signs of leaving*] Please don't be mad, Miss Simpkins.

MISS S. Well, I won't, then. But you may as well know, Amelia, that Rowena 's changed her mind and decided to get married.

A. [*Runs to Mrs. T.*] Oh, ma, it is n't true, is it? [*Receives confirmation from Mrs. T.*] Oh, is n't it dreadful? [*Weeps*]

MRS. R. Roweny's husband has lots of money, and she will give you whatever you want.

A. [*Between sobs*] Does it say so in the telegraph?

MRS. R. Not in so many words, but it means that. You prob'ly won't know your sister in all her fine fixin's when she drives up with all her horses and servants.

A. [*Stoutly*] I don't want sister Rowena that way. I want her just as she always is. I can't touch her if she 's that way, and I want to put my arms around her as I always do.

BOYS AND GIRLS. [*Whimper in chorus*] We want sister Roweny as she always is. We don't want her the new way. We want her the old way. We don't want her married to a naughty mobile. [*Sobbing and howling of the children*]

MRS. R. 'Sh! 'Sh! Land sakes! If ever I hear such goin's-on! Well, it 's good the whole thing is decided, for Roweny is just one of those home bodies that she 'd change her mind if she knew they all felt this way. The telegraph don't say "May marry" or "Goin' to marry"; it just says "Married."

CHORUS OF CHILDREN. [*Emphatically*] We don't want her married!

Enter NEIGHBORS, who are told the news—pantomime—and shown the telegram. All shake hands with Mrs. Tubbs and try to pacify the children, who shake their heads vigorously and refuse to listen.

MISS S. Well, when I see such performances as these I must say I don't envy Roweny, startin' in with them three children.

MRS. R. [*Loftily*] Those children are all provided for. Every one of them will have more money than any of us ever dreamed of. Amelia, go to the board and divide a millionaire into three parts. [*To Mrs. T.*] It 's nice, havin' a board right here for figgerin', Mrs. Tubbs.

MRS. T. Roweny got it for the children to do their sums on. [*Amelia goes to blackboard, and after more or less erasing, exhibits the figures 1,000,000.00*]

MRS. R. [*Disappointedly*] Is that a millionaire? Well, it 's the poorest lot o' lookin' figgers I ever see for a rich man. It 's all naughts and ciphers. Can't you get in some 8's and 9's and rich-lookin' figgers?

A. [*Pertly*] That is the way teacher told us to write a million.

MRS. D. [*To Mrs. Raven*] Should n't she put one of those big S's with two lines runnin' through it?

MISS S. [*Quickly, with importance*] You mean a dollar-mark. Yes, you ought to put a dollar-mark, Amelia.

A. I don't know how. Teacher has n't got us to that yet.

MRS. R. My hand 's a little lame or I 'd do it. Could you do it, Mrs. Donnell?

MRS. D. I ain't niver made one.

MRS. T. I 've seen Roweny make 'em. I think I can make one. [*Mrs. Tubbs is escorted to board, and after the figures 1,000,000.00 makes a dollar-mark turned wrongly*]

A. Oh, is that what you mean? I can make that. But it ought to go to the front. [*Makes proper sign at beginning and starts to rub out Mrs. Tubbs's at the end*]

MRS. R. What you doin', Amelia?

A. I 'm goin' to rub this one out. It 's turned wrong and don't belong at this end.

MRS. R. [*Severely*] Don't you think o' rubbin' it out! It gives a prosperous look to have one at each end. Now, you divide it by three children, Amelia. [*Amelia puts division-sign, which she erases twice, and then a figure three before it, which she also erases until suited, then begins operations*]

A. [*Singsong*] Three into ten, three times and one over; three into ten, three times and one over; three into ten, three times and one over; three into ten, three times and one over.

MRS. R. [*Who has regarded AMELIA from the first doubtfully*] Now you 're runnin' to 3's, just as you run to naughts and ciphers. You could run it around the world, at that rate.

A. That 's what teacher said. You can run it on, just as long as you bring down ciphers.

MRS. R. [*With superiority*] That 's a lot of nonsense. What 's your answer, Amelia?

A. [*Glibly*] I don't know yet. I have n't counted up. It depends on where I put this dot. If I put it here [*Makes large dot*], the answer is thirty-three cents; and if I put it here, it is three dollars and thirty-three cents; and if I put it here, it 's thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents; and if I put it here, it 's three hundred and thirty-three dollars and —

MRS. R. Well, that 's gettin' more likely, 'cause it don't stand to reason that those children has got a millionaire for a father and only thirty-three cents apiece. [*All shake heads negatively*] But I can do that sum a great deal better in my head, anyway, than with figgerin'. Now, I should say this way. [*AMELIA leaves the blackboard and joins others*] In the first place, how many thousand in a million?

MISS S. I don't know exactly, but I should say about a hundred.

MRS. D. [*Smiling*] I was goin' to say a hunderd. [*NEIGHBORS all acquiesce*]

MRS. R. Well, we 'll call it a hundred, then, so long as we 're all agreed. You 're satisfied with that, ain't you, Mrs. Tubbs, to have a million mean a hundred thousand?

MRS. T. Whatever you say, Mrs. Raven.

MRS. R. Well, then, the way I should do this sum in my head is this: There 's a hundred thousand to be divided among the three children. Now, if there had been a hundred children each would have had a thousand; would n't they? [*All nod at one another and at MRS. RAVEN in agreement*] Now wait a minute; I 've got this all in my head. [*Presses her temples with both hands*] Don't speak to me, [*All watch MRS. RAVEN intently*] Now, you see, there ain't but three children, so that leaves ninety-seven children who have got to give their share to the three children. Now each of these ninety-seven children says: "I have a thousand," "I have a thousand," and so on. You can represent the children. [*Motions with*

hand to each one before her, who says in turn, "I have a thousand"; MRS. DONNELL smiling blandly as she speaks, MISS SIMPKINS snapping off her words, as usual, the children as though it were a game, and all following, with intention, MRS. RAVEN'S lead] Now, you see, there are not enough of us to be all the ninety-seven children, but we get the idea all right that each child has a thousand of its own. Now, the next step is — [*Hands on temples — apparently holding head together*] It 's all here. [*Agitatedly*] Don't speak to me. [*All watch intently as before*] These ninety-seven children give away their shares to the other three. These three chairs can stand for the three children. [*Arranges chairs in group, dislodging the occupants to do so. Extends her hand graciously toward the three empty chairs*] I give you my thousand. [*Motions to next to follow, and one after another, inclining head toward chairs or making a gesture of handing over something, says: "I give you my thousand," until all have said it, the children being especially enthusiastic, going up to chairs and bowing as they say, "I give you my thousand," now quite convinced they are playing some game*] Now, you see, the money is all with these three children [*Motions to chairs*], and we must see how many times three will go into ninety-seven. [*All go into calculation, some on their fingers, others doing imaginary sums in the air, etc., etc.*]

MISS S. [*Hesitatingly*] Would n't it be a little over thirty-two?

MRS. D. [*Smiling blandly*] That is just what I was goin' to say.

MRS. R. [*Emerging from deep head-work*] Yes, we can call it thirty-three. These children [*Motions to chairs*] will have thirty-three thousand dollars apiece. [*Hearers are duly impressed*]

AMELIA. [*Crying*] That 's just what I got [*Points to board*], and you said it was n't right.

MRS. R. [*Opens her mouth and eyes wide in astonishment as she looks toward blackboard*] Why, did you get that, Amelia? Why, so you did! [*Leniently*] That was all right, Amelia. [*All nod approvingly at AMELIA*] And by doing it both ways we are sure it 's right. But, you see, by doing it in our heads we all understand just how the three come by their share.

MISS S. [*Rises*] Well, I guess if Roweny's children get thirty-three thousand apiece I need n't worry over 'em. Good-by, Mrs. Tubbs. Sorry to have you leave the neighborhood, but you 'll find it nice up on Fifth Avenue. I was up there once. The streets is wider than these, and it's quite a different place. I'm told there ain't the runnin' from house to house that there is here at the Corner, and that people ain't over-neighborly, and don't sometimes speak to people livin' right on the *same block*; somebody said *next door*, but I won't believe it's as bad as that. But you 'll have all your family with you, so you won't mind. Don't forget your old friends at Cinder Corner, Mrs. Tubbs. [*Shakes Mrs. T's hand*]

MRS. T. [*Much affected*] Indeed I won't, and you must all come and see me. I sha'n't never feel to home up there, I don't believe. I've never even seen the place, and I much rather stay here.

A. [*Positively*] I sha'n't go to live on any o' them avenoos. If I can't go to the heathen with Roweny I'm goin' to stay right here at Cinder Corner. [*Children show that they share AMELIA'S sentiments*]

T. [*From window*] Here comes Roweny now!

ALL. Roweny! [*All run to door*]

Enter ROWENA, in fresh and pretty traveling-suit, with bright new satchel and bag of oranges. Hastens forward to MRS. TUBBS, whom she kisses, then embraces in turn all the children, who affectionately surround her with exclamations of delight, hands them the oranges, and shakes hands with all the neighbors.

ROWENA. How glad I am to see you all! I thought first I could n't come till next Thursday, but suddenly found they would let me off and I took the next train. [*To MRS. TUBBS*] You got my telegram, mother, and know that I am married? [*Goes toward MRS. TUBBS*]

MRS. T. Yes. My good Roweny. [*Embraces her*]

MISS S. We all want to congratulate you on doing so well, Rowena.

MRS. D. That is just what I was goin' to say. [*All nod in agreement*]

R. Yes, I have done well. I have married a splendid man, who is as much interested in the work as I am, and when you see him I know you will congratulate me indeed.

MISS S. Work? We did n't suppose you'd have any work to do any more.

R. No work! Why, I could n't live without work. What do you mean?

MRS. R. What did you say in your telegram about your husband?

R. Why, I don't remember saying anything about him except that he was a missionary.

ALL. A missionary!!

A. Oh, I'm so glad! [*Dances about ROWENA; other children, catching AMELIA'S spirit, testify in various ways to the rejoicing*]

R. He is a missionary. One of the foremost workers for years. We sail for Africa next week, which will be the scene of our first labors together. And some day I shall send for you, Amelia, as I promised. And Miss Simpkins, I think there is a fine opening for you there to teach sewing in one of the girls' schools. In fact, there is work for all of us—even for my three dear step-children.

MRS. R. What is your husband worth?

R. [*Laughs*] Worth his weight in gold.

MISS S. We got the impression you had married a man with lots of money.

R. Money? Well, hardly. The Board allows us a nice salary—all we shall need. [*MRS. RAVEN hands ROWENA the telegram*]

R. [*Reads*] "Have married a millionaire." [*Laughs merrily*] A millionaire! Oh, of all things, they took my word "missionary" for "millionaire"! It must be those long *s's* I make. But you could n't have believed it! What in the world would a millionaire have wanted of me for a wife—me, Rowena Tubbs! [*Laughs long and merrily*]

MRS. R. [*Comes forward*] Well, for my part,—and I guess we're all agreed,—I think any one as gets Roweny for a wife, whether he's a millionaire or a missionary, is a lucky man.

ALL. [*Crowding around ROWENA, clapping hands and otherwise assenting*] That's right. Good, good!

QUICK CURTAIN.



TWO SIDES OF YE HEDGE; OR, YE SORRY AIM OF YE MEDIEVAL ARCHER. (A Valentine Tragedy.)



BY FREDERICK RICHARDSON.



Ye archer:

"With a low whistle and an archer's craft
I'll fit ye valentine unto this shaft."

Ye faire mayde:

"'T is Percival, my archer love, I wot!"



"'T was aimed with care, and my love-shaft, I trow,
Straight to her hand—and to her heart—will go."

"A valentine his trusty bow hath shot!"



"Gadbrooks!" cries Percival. "Alack! what 's up?
I've missed ye fair one, and have hit ye pup."

"Oh, what a fate befalls his dainty screed!"



"A murrain on my hand and brain so stupid!
I'll ne'er again attempt to rival Cupid!"

Ye ancient dame: "Young lady, to thy turret chamber speed,
Whilst / this varlet's 'doggerel' will read!"

F RICHARDSON



AN ALASKAN JOURNEY WITH REINDEER.

By CORNELIA HICKMAN.

ONE evening in early February, Oosilik, our faithful Eskimo, knocked on the door of the cabin as we were drawn up in a close circle around the log fire in the big living-room of the officers' quarters, discussing the probability of our having to remain at St. Michael, Alaska, another month.

Oosilik gave a loud rap, and lifting the latch, he forced open the frozen door so that his furry head, bristling with icicles, appeared at the opening, and as he wedged himself in by inches, he snorted and puffed like a walrus under the harpoon, and continued to wriggle until his fat, round body had squeezed through the narrow opening and he stood before us in the firelight.

When every eye was upon him, Oosilik smiled with satisfaction and rubbed his sides

with both hands. Then he told us, in his choppy, grunting way, his bit of news, which was this: that the two drivers with the pulks, or sleds, that we had anxiously expected for the last two weeks, had arrived, and that we were to start on the following morning at sunrise for Port Clarence. We questioned Oosilik about the reindeer and the condition of the pulks after their long journey, but he would tell us nothing, and to all our questions he had the same reply: a knowing twinkle in his small black eyes, and a toss of the head.

The next morning we hurried out of our bearskin beds to dress for the ride behind the reindeer, with the thermometer at forty degrees below zero, and the sun pale as a glass bead in the white sky. To protect ourselves from the bitter

cold, we chose our warmest clothing, which was made from reindeer hide with the fur side in. We drew on seal waterproof boots. Our mittens were of the heaviest reindeer fur, and to protect our necks and shoulders, as well as our heads, we put on a "parki." This is a hood attached to the fur coat, which is slipped on over the other garments and is belted in at the waist by a strong leather belt.

When we were ready for the long ride across the snow and ice, and filed out of the cabin door to take our places in the pulks, we looked like the contestants in a sack-race on their way to the track. In less than ten seconds we had jumped into our places in the sleds as the restless reindeer bounded by the knoll on which we stood. It taxed our agility to spring from the ground and light upon the seats of the sleds as they whirled past us.

Untamed and wholly unreliable beasts are these reindeer. One never feels a moment's security when once he is seated in a pulk behind their flying legs, listening to the clattering of their hoofs on the hard snow. Ten miles an hour was the average speed that we made the

Over the voiceless wilds of the snow-covered mountains, and toiling through the depths of treacherous ravines that more than once threatened to bury us alive, we were hauled up to safe ground by the struggling reindeer.

On one mountain-slope the deer scented a lichen-bed, and they promptly turned aside and with their front hoofs began to paw and scrape away the snow that covered it; and they would not go on until they had filled themselves with the lichen, while we sat helpless in the sleds and watched them browse until their sides swelled. Each reindeer was drawing about two hundred and fifty pounds, and that was a fair load with the snow as deep as it was.

Their obstinate scorn of everything but their appetite for the moss recalls to me, as I write, Mr. F. Marion Crawford's account of how the Lapland reindeer sometimes break into an uncontrollable stampede for the Arctic Ocean. It is found in his story, "A Cigarette Maker's Romance," and reads as follows:

In the distant northern plains, a hundred miles from the sea, in the midst of the Laplanders' village, a young reindeer raises his broad muzzle to the north wind and



"UNCLE BEN WAS THE NAME OF THE REINDEER THAT DREW OUR PULK."

first day, and that was quite rapid enough for us, we declared, when we considered the unbroken trail we had followed, and the dangers we narrowly escaped in spite of the precautions that the guides had taken to insure us a safe journey.

stares at the limitless distance while a man may count a hundred. He grows restless from that moment, but he is yet alone. The next day, a dozen of the herd look up from the cropping of the moss, snuffing the breeze. Then the Lapps nod to one another, and the camp grows daily more quiet. At times the whole herd of young



A HERD OF REINDEER IN LAPLAND.

deer stand at gaze, as it were, breathing hard through wide nostrils, then jostling each other and stamping the soft ground. They grow unruly, and it is hard to harness them in the light sledge. As the days pass, the Lapps watch them more and more closely, well knowing what will happen sooner or later. And then at last, in the northern twilight, the great herd begins to move. The impulse is simultaneous, irresistible; their heads are all turned in one direction. They move slowly at first, biting still, here and there, at the bunches of rich moss. Presently the slow step becomes a trot, they crowd closely together, while the Lapps hasten to gather up their last unpacked possessions, their cooking-utensils, and their wooden gods. The great herd break together from a trot to a gallop, from a gallop to a breakneck race; the distant thunder of their united tread reaches the camp during a few minutes, and they are gone to drink of the polar sea. The Lapps follow after them, dragging painfully their laden sledges in the broad track left by the thousands of galloping beasts. A day's journey, and they are yet far from the sea, and the trail is yet broad. On the second day it grows narrower, and there are stains of blood to be seen; far on the distant plain before them their sharp eyes distinguish in the direct line a dark, motionless object—another, and then another. The race has grown more desperate and more wild as the stampede neared the sea. The weaker reindeer have been thrown down and trampled to death by their stronger fellows. A thousand sharp hoofs have crushed and cut through hide and flesh and bone. Ever swifter and more terrible in their motion, the ruthless

herd has raced onward, careless of the slain, careless of food, careless of any drink but the sharp salt water ahead of them. And when, at last, the Laplanders reach the shore, their deer are once more quietly grazing, once more tame and docile, once more ready to drag the sledge whithersoever they are guided. Once in his life the reindeer must taste of the sea in one long, satisfying draught; and if he is hindered he perishes. Neither man nor beast dare stand between him and the ocean in the hundred miles of his arrow-like path.*

"Uncle Ben" was the name of the reindeer that drew our pulk. He was a big, raw-boned deer with enormous horns. His coat was almost white and was thick and soft. His legs were long and powerful, and the sinews were plainly visible with every stride that he took. His hoofs were divided very high, so that when he placed his foot on the ground the hoof spread wide, and when he raised it, a snapping noise was heard which was caused by the parts of the hoof closing together.

By the end of the day the thermometer had fallen to sixty degrees below zero, and we were beginning to feel cramped and stiff from constant sitting, and were on the lookout for the cache, or store-house, where we expected to spend the night. The cache had a long cabin

* Reprinted by kind permission of the Macmillan Co.

attached, and we were to sleep there. We had Every second while we watched their deliber-
traveled fifty miles over one of the roughest ate motions and the frequent bickerings that



RESTING AFTER A HARD DAY'S JOURNEY.

trails in Alaska, and had brought with us a good supply of beans, bacon, flour, and hard bread, as one can never tell for how many days a storm or accident may prolong his journey.

The cache was on the brow of a hill, and Amalik, one of our drivers, was the first to see it in the fading light. The practised eye of these Northmen can pick out a dog or a goat on a remote mountain-top, so that when Amalik cried out the good news, no one doubted him, and we gladly followed his pulk as it turned from the trail and led the way across the intervening gulches to the cache, where we were sure of a night's shelter from the Arctic cold.

The interior of the cache was indeed cheerless, but each one of us lighted one of the oil-lamps, in which seal-oil is burned, that were ranged round the room, and sat down on the walrus-skins, which we drew up over our shoulders, and placed the half-warm lamps between our feet. There were mats of dried grass, and deerskin blankets which were to be used for coverlets when we lay down on the floor to sleep. Soon Amalik and Oosilik came in from securing the reindeer and began to cook our supper. They were as slow as slow could be, but we knew better than to try to hurry them, or to show the least impatience.

interrupted the preparation of the longed-for meal seemed an hour to us, but at last supper was ready, and we ate ravenously of the plain fare that was set before us. Amalik and Oosilik kept up a constant procession around us with frying-pan in one hand and steaming coffee-pot in the other.

The long ride and the intense cold made us sleep soundly and late, and we awakened the following morning to find that we were having a terrible snow-storm, which the eye could not penetrate, so thick and fast fell the snow-flakes, that looked like a sheet caught up by a whirlwind. This was a bitter disappointment to us, for no living soul would dare venture forth into a storm such as this one, which was likely to last for days. And it did. Amalik and Oosilik, after one glance out at the blinding snow, curled themselves up in a corner of the room, and slept the entire four days except when stirred up to cook our meals and to look after the deer.

We were forced to wait three days after it had stopped snowing for a crust to form so that we could travel again. It was with many misgivings that we began the last half of the journey, since the snow was now very deep and the danger of our sinking into drifts was great.

To add to our general feeling of fear, the reindeer behaved very badly and were exceedingly unruly. The wind had moderated somewhat, but it was still intensely cold.

We had traveled half the day without any serious mishap and were beginning to forget our fears at starting out, when we sped merrily down a mountain-side, singing and halloaing at the top of our voices, and ran into a gulch and stuck there. The songs stopped in our throats, and we sprang to our feet to sink waist deep in the drifts that had entrapped us.

Every movement of our bodies sank us deeper in the snow-drifts, and the infuriated reindeer, finding themselves caught in the banked-up snow almost to their haunches, turned upon us and would have pawed us to death but for the forethought of Oosilik, who, seeing our danger, sprang forward, and hoisting the overturned pulks in his strong arms, brought them down over our heads and shoulders and pinned us out of sight in the snow.

We heard the hoofs of Uncle Ben beating on the pulk's side as he pawed up the snow in his efforts to get at us, and if we had not held to the straps and had not kept the pulk over us, he would have tossed it into the air with one sweep of his horns and would still have had his bout with us, in which case we should have been helpless and completely at his mercy.

For the first time we had occasion to see how

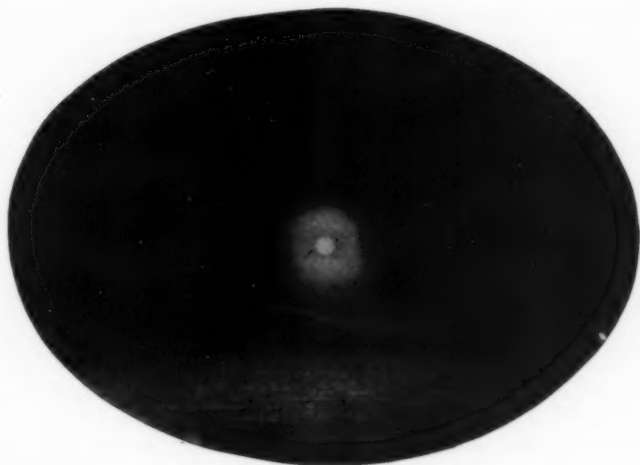
fierce an angry reindeer can be. When he was convinced that he could not reach us, Uncle Ben turned upon Oosilik, and we heard the Eskimo shouting and clubbing the deer as he ran in and out of the pulks in a swift circuit, pursued by the bellowing reindeer.

We spent an exciting half-hour under the pulks, with the hoofs of the deer rattling like hail on the frozen boards, and then the unusual commotion ceased all at once, for the reindeer had found a lichen-bed. In a jiffy they were pawing up the snow in their hurry to get at the succulent moss, and we were forgotten.

Amalik and Oosilik lifted the pulks from our heads and dug us up out of the snow and set us on our feet. By the time the reindeer had eaten themselves into a passable humor, Amalik and Oosilik led them back to the pulks.

We had four hours of traveling before we came in sight of the corral that had sent us the reindeer from Eaton Station. As soon as the deer scented the well-known corral, they quickened their strides so that we reached the Station before it was quite dark, and crawled from the sleds with a deep feeling of relief, glad beyond measure to be at home after the perils of our protracted journey.

Our friends turned out in a body and welcomed us joyfully, for they had begun to entertain the gravest fears for our safety, and had been on the lookout for us for almost a week.



"THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN."



WHAT WALTER SAW IN THE FIRE.

BY HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.



WALTER had been out skating, and the cold wind which swept down over the frozen lake made his toes and fingers tingle, so that when he got home he hurried to get warm. Kneeling down close in front of the coal fire, which flamed and crackled in the open fireplace, while his brother and sister looked over their Christmas portfolio of pictures, he gazed into the glowing coals in the grate. By and by he climbed up into an arm-chair. The heat made him sleepy, and he closed his eyes. He opened them in great astonishment, a moment later, when he heard a shrill "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" which sounded very close to him. He knew there were no chickens in the room, because the chickens were all out on the farm in the country, and he was just beginning to think that he had been dreaming, when he heard the "Cock-a-doodle-doo" again. This time it seemed to come from in front of him, and he looked into the fireplace, though how a "cock-a-doodle-doo" could come from the midst of the fire he did not know. As his eyes fell on the fire he gave a jump in the chair and stared as hard as he could. There, in front of him, perched on a piece of coal, was a comical little rooster.

"Well," said the rooster, "you are the slowest

boy to get awake that I ever knew, and I have wakened all kinds of boys in my life. I am the Cock that Crew in the Morn."

"Did the Priest all Shaven and Shorn wake up?" asked Walter, eagerly.

"Of course he did," answered the rooster; "else how could he marry the Milkmaid to the Man all Tattered and Torn?"

"Of course," said Walter, "I might have thought of that."

"We thought of it," said another voice. "We were at the wedding." And a big black-and-white cat crawled out from a hole in the coals and stood beside the rooster. "I am the Cat that Caught the Rat," said he. "Once upon a time I wore boots, and helped my master to marry the Princess."

"Bow-wow-wow!" barked a little dog, which came running from a corner.

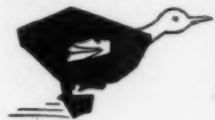
The cat jumped nimbly to the top of a big piece of coal, where she put up her back at the dog and made a great hissing noise.

"Oho!" said Walter. "I guess you must be the Dog that Worried the Cat, are n't you?"



"I thought you would know me," barked the dog. "I am the same dog right along: I never belonged to a witch. If a witch came around I would bark at her. Hello! there's the Ugly Duckling. I guess I'll bark at her." But the wary old duck scampered off.

"How is it that you all are here?" asked Walter. "I thought you all were dead a long time ago. And I do not see how you can live in the fire."



"Oh, the fire does not hurt us," said the Cock that Crew in the Morn, before any of the others

could answer. "And we did not die. We never die; and we live in the fire: not always in this fire, for we like to go about from one place to another, but some of us are here most of the time. You can see us in any fire if you look carefully. The best time to see us is in the evening, just before the lights are lit; then we come out to see what is going on."

"And you'll see something going on now," snapped a red fox, jumping from behind a pile of coals and dashing at the rooster. The



rooster dodged to one side and gave a derisive crow.

"Just let that old rooster alone,"

growled a deep voice; and Walter, looking into a corner of the fireplace, saw a great bear. "I am the Big Bear who lived in the wood," said Bruin. "Here comes my son, the Little Bear."

"Whatever became of Goldenlocks?" asked

Walter of the Little Bear. "Would you have hurt her if you had caught her when she came to your house in the wood and sat in your chair?"



"No," said the Little Bear, laughing. "I would have played with her, and told her where the best berries grew that summer."

"And what fun we do have in summer!" said the Sly Old Fox. "Do you know, Little Bo-peep was watching her sheep one day when—"

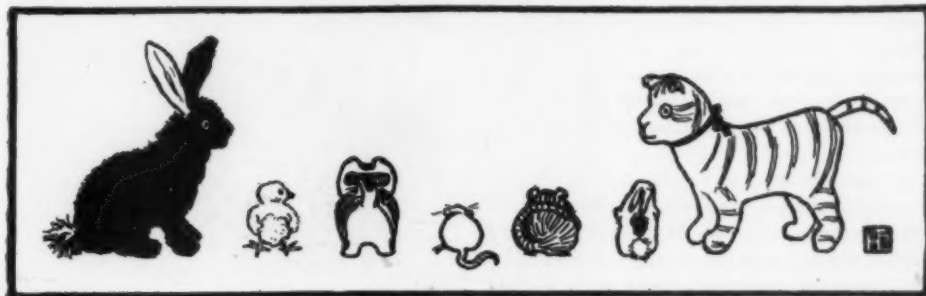
"Walter, Walter! come to supper," some

one called suddenly, and at the sound of the voice all the birds and beasts scuttled for nooks and crannies in the coals. "I'll tell you that tale another time," said the Sly Old Fox, and dodged into his hole just as Walter's elder sister came into the room.



"Wake up, Walter; supper is ready," she said, shaking him by the shoulder; but Walter declared that he had not been asleep at all, but was just watching the animals. After supper he went back to the fire, but there were too many people in the room, and although he caught a glimpse of one or two of the animals, none of them came out and spoke to him.

But Walter hopes that sometime, in the twilight, he will see them all again, and that then the Sly Old Fox will finish the story of "how Bo-peep's sheep all ran away."



A TAILPIECE.



NATURE and SCIENCE For Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

THE FLOCK OF QUAIL COMING OVER THE FENCE FROM THE FIELDS AND ALIGHTING IN THE BARNYARD.

THE FRIENDLY QUAILS.

ONE cold morning Farmer Glover stood in the rear of the barn, fork in hand, looking out over the fields. Snow-storm had followed snow-storm, until the stone walls were so covered that the farm seemed like a great field, with here and there a small grove to break the monotony. The cattle had been fed, and each animal was munching contentedly at its pile of hay in the sunshine, scattering chaff over the snowy barnyard.

Suddenly, from the light woods near the barn, came a startled "Bob-white!" Immediately there was an answering call from the woods across the fields, and then another and another, and soon a flock of about twenty quail alighted cautiously on the ground, two or three rods from where Mr. Glover stood, and began picking up the seeds from the hay which the cattle had strewn over the snow. They scratched about like a flock of hens and apparently quite as much at home, and chattered away while they worked, after the fashion of tree-sparrows in the weeds down by the brook.

Farmer Glover was careful not to frighten his woodland guests, and the next morning he put out wheat for them and threw handfuls of chaff in the hay which the cattle had left. The flock returned again and again, until feeding the quails has become as much a part of the

day's routine as looking after the hens and turkeys. One cold morning, after they had



A QUAIL "AT HOME," DOWN UNDER THE HILL BACK OF THE FARM-HOUSE.

eaten, the kind-hearted farmer found the whole flock huddled together under the hay, apparently enjoying the warmth. Strange to say, they never come for their food when it snows or rains. When they have breakfasted, unless frightened, they usually walk away to their favorite haunts in the grove across the fields. They never alight on the trees, but occasionally perch on the rail fence. Once or twice, when no one was in sight, they came near the house.

For six weeks the quails have enjoyed Farmer Glover's bounty. When spring opens, their kind-hearted protector will meet them only in the fields and woods; but whenever bob-white's musical call comes over the summer meadows it will bring pleasant memories of those winter breakfasts in the snowy barnyard.

W. C. KNOWLES.

HOW ELK SHED AND RENEW THEIR ANTLERS.

How many persons, among the many thousands that annually visit our zoölogical parks, realize, as they pause to admire the noble bucks of the deer family,—particularly the wapiti, or American elk,—that their branching antlers are cast off annually and renewed and well hardened within the short period of seven months?



AMERICAN ELK, OR WAPITI, ONE MONTH AFTER ANTLERS WERE DROPPED.
(Copyright, 1904, by W. T. Hornaday.)

Before describing the manner in which elk shed their antlers, I should like to explain the difference between "antlers" and "horns." All the members of the deer family—the moose, caribou, elk (in Europe the animal which we call moose is known as elk), and smaller deer—possess antlers, while the appendages on the heads of goats, sheep, cattle, and the like are known as horns, and, with one exception,—the American antelope or pronghorn,—are retained by their owners throughout life.

Elk shed their antlers about the first of February, though much depends upon the locality and upon the age and health of the animal.

It often happens that one antler is carried several days after the other has been dropped. The new antlers push off the old ones, and when they appear they resemble scars on the animal's forehead, but soon take the form of two black-velvet buttons about the size of silver dollars. As they continue to grow they gain in length only, and by the first of July they have attained their full size. If you could examine them now, you would find them soft, rather flexible, nourished by blood, and incased in a thick, tough skin covered with velvety fur. The antlers are now



AMERICAN ELK, OR WAPITI, ONE WEEK AFTER ANTLERS WERE DROPPED.
(Copyright, 1904, by the New York Zoölogical Society.)



AMERICAN ELK, OR WAPITI, ANTLERS FULL-GROWN.
(Copyright, 1900, by the New York Zoological Society.)

"in the velvet," as the hunters term it, a most critical period for the owner, who seems to realize it, for he is careful to avoid contact with anything liable to injure them. Should an accident happen and the skin get broken or the antler disfigured, it might result in the elk's bleeding to death, or in his carrying a deformed antler until the following February. Through a process of nature the blood-vessels that have fed the antlers are shut off about the middle of July, and then they begin to harden. A few weeks later the elk may be seen rubbing them against trees or thrashing them about in the brush while endeavoring to rid them of the velvet, and in a few days it hangs in shreds and soon disappears entirely. The elk is now lord of the forest, and is ready to combat with his rivals or enemies.

J. ALDEN LORING.

Professor W. T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park, has kindly given permission for the use of the copyrighted photographs in this article. In his "American Natural History" is a calendar of the elk's shedding its antlers.

THE KING OF MOLLUSKS.

THE king of mollusks lives in the Indian and South Pacific oceans. He attains to a weight of five hundred pounds, and the shell is of the bivalve kind, and the shape is about the same as that of our common fresh-water mussel. The gigantic *Tridacna* is the largest mollusk known to have lived on the earth since the Silurian Age. It is found on the bottom of the shallow parts of the ocean, and the large individuals have no longer the power to move about. They lie on one side, and all about them the corals build up until King *Tridacna* is sometimes

found in a well-like hole in the coral formation. From the known rate of coral growth, the age of the mollusk can be approximately determined. Some are certainly more than one hundred years old. This king has a small domain, but in it he is in undoubted control. Pearl-divers have lost their lives by unknowingly stepping into the shell of a *tridacna*.

Suppose the diver to be walking on the bottom of the sea, stumbling along in the dim light,



THE HUGE SHELL *TRIDACNA*.
(Photographed by the side of a girl to show comparative size.)

and, in climbing over a mass of coral, placing his foot on the shell of the great mollusk. This is

smooth and slimy; his foot slips into the opening between the valves, and Mr. King, being much alarmed, closes his shell with tremendous force. The diver, unable to drag the great weight, is held until drowned. His comrades go down to seek him, and thus we know the story.

If this mollusk were good to eat, a single tridacna would supply many great steaks, any one of which would fill the largest frying-pan.

C. A. HARGRAVE.

THE LITTLE FROG TRAVELER.

At the Children's Museum in Brooklyn there is a little stranger whose queer history makes him especially interesting.

He was found one day at Canarsie Bay, Long Island, in the coal-bunker of a boat which came from the South. He is a little Southerner, and is never found at home north of Virginia. By chance he had found his way on board the vessel, and traveled as a stowaway. A man picked him up, and, noting his beauty, washed the coal-dust out of his eyes and gave him to his grandson. The little boy, thinking that other children might like to see him, brought him to the museum.

When he said he had a frog, the lady in charge thought it was a common kind, so she said she did not care for it, as there was no room. However, one of the attendants told him to put the frog in a case where there were three bullfrogs. She knew what the boy did not, that big frogs eat small frogs.

Now it would have been sad if our little wanderer had been devoured by these monsters, but he had no such intention. He hopped out of reach, up the glass, and over the top. The

little boy called the attendant, and said: "He won't stay in!"

At once she suspected that this was no common frog, as they cannot crawl up glass, and she thought it was a little Northern tree-frog.

What was her surprise, therefore, to find, upon noticing it more carefully, that it was a beautiful pea-green frog, with slender legs, beautiful gold-veined eyes, and golden-light stripes down each side and along the outerseam of his "coat sleeves" and "trouser legs."

He was named

"Billy Green Springer,"

for that was what the boy called him; and, besides, he was green, and could spring prodigious distances, and could cling to whatever spot he touched, even on the window-pane.

He sits all day on the inside of his glass jar, with his body pressed close against it. He is a wonderful little hunter, too; for if a fly is put into the jar, he moves slowly toward it, and, when within two inches or about the length of his own body, his head shoots forward and his long tongue comes out so quickly that one cannot see it, and Mr. Fly has gone to the Department of the Interior.

This little stranger is called *Hyla Carolinensis*, and he is first cousin to our little gray tree-frog, who is *Hyla versicolor*.

WALTER KING STONE.



VARIOUS ATTITUDES AND ANTICS OF THE LITTLE FROG TRAVELER.

The *Hyla versicolor* is one of the "spring peepers" that usually begin to call in early March. It is commonly called the tree-toad, although it is really a frog and not a toad. Try placing one on different-colored materials.

A NEW YORK CITY FISH.

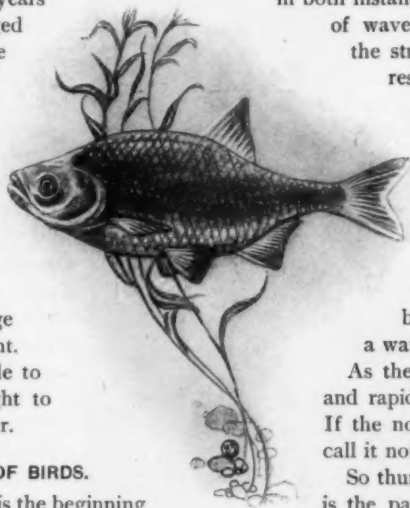
It seems strange that in the great city of New York should be found a fish which is unlike all others, yet such is the case. In the lake in Central Park is found a pearl roach which differs so much from the pearl roach of various waters that it has been given a new place as a subspecies. Instead of being called simply *Abramis chrysoleucas*, it is called *Abramis chrysoleucas roseus*. However, the fish is much more beautiful than its name, and indeed is one of the handsomest in the aquarium at the Battery. Its body is silvery gray which has a trick of sparkling like mica as the light falls on it at different angles. Its fins are brilliant vermilion.

Now you will ask the question, "How came this fish in Central Park and not in other lakes and in streams?" and the answer of the scientists is, "We do not know."

The theories are that these fish are descendants of the common pearl roach which may have been in the park lake always or placed there many years ago and have since changed color and shape because of especially good food-supply thrown to them by visitors to the park, or that some one had European roaches in an aquarium, and tiring of them, liberated them in the lake. They therefore may be a product of especial food or of change of climate or environment. Anyhow, they are a puzzle to the scientists and a delight to the eye of the nature-lover.

SPRING MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

COLD as is February, it is the beginning of various life-interests of spring and summer. Among the birds to arrive, beginning at the middle of the month, are the woodcock, purple grackle, rusty blackbird, red-winged blackbird, phoebes, and several others. The list varies in different places. Many four-footed animals resume activity at this season, and even some reptiles crawl out on warmest days.



THE PEARL ROACH.

BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW
????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York

WHAT IS THUNDER?

PITTSBURG, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen so many things clearly explained in your Nature and Science for Young Folks that I thought I would ask you a question I am anxious to learn. What causes the thunder?

Your constant reader,

ELSIE THOMPSON MCCLINTOCK.

Thunder is a noise. Noises are caused by waves of air striking the ear and passing into it and producing an effect upon the eardrum or tympanum. Waves of air are caused by some disturbance in the atmosphere, just as water waves are produced when a stone is thrown into the water.

Just as the waves beat upon the shore, so sound waves beat upon the ear. The impulse in both instances depends upon the kind of waves. The higher the wave the stronger the effect upon the resistance offered.

What can make a sound wave? To answer this let us observe the strings of a violin. When the string is bowed it moves back and forth rapidly. This motion causes the air to be compressed and sets up

a wave which reaches the ear.

As these movements are regular and rapid we call the noise music. If the noise is irregular we simply call it noise.

So thunder is a noise. The cause is the passage of an electric spark from cloud to cloud or from cloud to the earth.

Thunder is produced on a small scale when we discharge a Leyden jar or turn the Holtz machine. The tiny noise we hear when we comb our hair with a rubber comb is miniature thunder.

Just how lightning causes thunder is a harder

question. We know that lightning goes in its path both ways. It may go both ways at once, or one way *closely* following the other way. We do not know exactly how, but we do know that the lightning presses the air aside, and the instantaneous waves of air rush to the earth and give us the sensation which we call thunder. If there are a number of discharges of lightning in succession we would have a "roll" of thunder. If but a single discharge the result is a "peal" of thunder. Often the waves of sound strike against a cloud and bound back and help to prolong the noise. These sounds are merely echoes.

The lightning reaches the eye first, as light travels 186,000 miles a second; but thunder is a slow traveler, and travels only about 1120 feet a second. So we need never be afraid of thunder, since it consists of harmless air waves. The danger has long since passed when we hear the noise.

QUEER EXPERIENCE WITH A RATTLESNAKE.

PHOENIX, ARIZ.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are living in the desert several miles from the city, and are much interested in the animals which live around. A curious incident made us take especial interest in rattlesnakes.

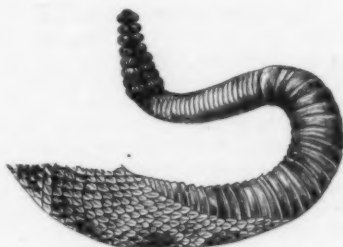
One day papa killed a small one nearly a mile from here. It was from fifteen to eighteen inches long, and had twelve rattles. It was sluggish, and tried only to get away. In talking about it, papa remarked that



A RATTLESNAKE COILED TO STRIKE.

there was an old superstition that a rattlesnake would hunt the slayer of its mate.

Some time after papa found another snake, close to the porch. When it saw papa, it sprang from the ground up on to the porch, an inch or so above the



TAIL OF RATTLESNAKE.

(Shows rattle with several "rings" and a "button.")

ground, and began to fight. It struck savagely, and made no effort to get away, but fought until papa killed it. It was about the same size as the other, but had only seven rattles.

Now, we would like to know whether there is any truth in the old superstition I mentioned. If not, why should that snake fight, and all others run away? For papa killed one a short time ago by the house, but it tried its best to escape. I should also like to know whether you can tell a snake's age by the number of rattles, or whether they lose their rattles when they shed their skin.

Your loving reader,

ALBERTA COWGILL.

There is no truth in the superstition that rattlesnakes will hunt the slayers of their mates. Occasionally, two snakes may be discovered in the same locality, but the killing of one and the subsequent discovery of the other is most incidental. The temper of individual snakes varies greatly. This has been observed by the writer in the capture of large numbers of poisonous serpents. Some captive specimens are always ugly, some are only occasionally vicious, while others never show signs of hostile temper. The explanation concerning the hostile attitude of the second snake mentioned in the letter is that it happened simply to be an aged specimen.

It is impossible to tell a snake's exact age by the number of "rattles." From two to three joints of the rattle are grown every year, and after the rattle has attained about eleven rings, about two or three are lost every year, owing to wear. Each time the skin is shed,* a new ring of the rattle is uncovered or added.

RAYMOND L. DITMARS,

Curator of Reptiles.

New York Zoölogical Park.

* The skins are cast off at least twice every year.

LIKE PIECES OF CHAMOIS LEATHER.

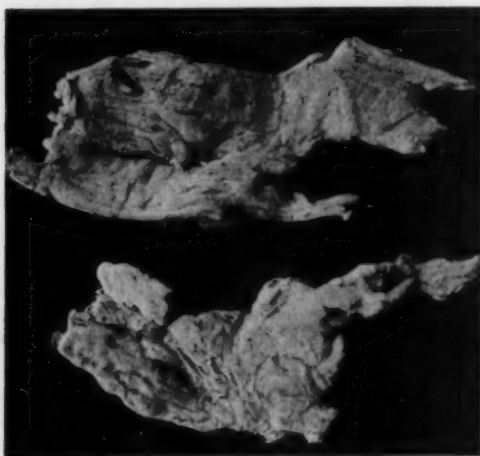
ARGYLE, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day, as I was chopping wood, I noticed that between the bark and the wood of the piece of wood I was chopping there was a white layer of skin. Most of it was very strong. This was on a piece of oak-wood which, I believe, is called red oak. I send you a sample of it. I would like to know what it is and how it is formed.

Yours truly,

CARL OLSEN.

This spongy material, with some resemblance to chamois leather, is a mass of the "roots" (mycelium) of a fungus growth. The species you send is probably that of *Polyporus sulphu-*



THE FUNGUS GROWTH THAT LOOKED LIKE PIECES OF CHAMOIS LEATHER.

reus. This species and *P. pinicola* and *P. ponderosa* are the principal wood-destroying fungi, forming felt-like growths of this sort, which occur in the United States. *P. sulphureus* occurs mainly on oaks and chestnuts.

This growth occurs on fallen trees, and also on living trees which by fire, wind, or human agency have sustained injury sufficient to expose the heart-wood. The sap-wood is never attacked. The growth, under favorable conditions, may extend throughout the tree, and will produce fruiting bodies—known as the shelf-fungi—upon the tree trunk. The spores, carried by the wind to a fallen tree or a living tree which has been seriously injured, germinate; and there again results a felt-like growth which in its turn destroys the wood.

THE WINTER HOME OF AN OWL.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have something interesting to tell the boys and girls who read the ST. NICHOLAS. It is about a tenant that we have.

The tenant is an owl who has come for the third winter to our house to make his home. He comes in October and stays until the warm days in March. Last March one of his mates came for him and they went away together. This fall he came back alone.

On the front of the house there is a round hole in the point of the gable, just large enough for him to enter. Here he sits nearly all day. His head and a little of his breast is all that can be seen of him as he sits there. Just about twilight he flies away to get his food. The people about here take a great interest in him. They look for him each time they pass the house. People from out of town have come to see him.

Very truly yours,

LUCY MAY MONTGOMERY (age 13).

THE NEST OF A LOON.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Does a loon sit upon its eggs or leave the sun to hatch them? In the spring I found a loon's nest; but no matter how careful we were of our approach, we could n't catch the loon upon her nest or find any signs of her having been there. We could see her swimming, but never near the nest. Is it common for a loon to have only one egg? That is all this one had, and all the natural-history books I have looked in said two. Does the male have a nest near the female? There were two nests on this island, and one had no eggs in it. We could see two loons.

Yours very truly,

CARROLL C. KENDRICK.

The loon incubates its eggs ordinarily, though I do not doubt that on suitable days, neither too cold nor too hot, it may leave them for some little while. The reason you could not see the bird on the nest is that she is very wary, and always slides off into the water whenever a boat or a person is seen in the distance approaching. I have sometimes been able to surprise one on its nest on a rainy day, when there were rushes or grass near the nest to help hide my approach. The nest is at the water's edge, and the bird, slipping in, at once dives and shows itself only when it has swum under water a long way off. Two eggs is the more common number, but one only is often a full laying. I once found a nest with only one egg, on the point of hatching.

The male bird would not have had a separate nest, though he might have had a spot on some



THE LOON.

muskrat house for a "roost." The other nest was probably an old one used the previous season.

HERBERT K. JOB.

HABITS OF HERRING-GULLS.

NEWTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer, while crossing Lake Ontario, I was very much interested in watching the gulls—the large gray and white birds found near the water. After flying some distance I noticed that they would drop on the water, evidently for rest, and then fly on again. Your interested reader,

FLORENCE R. T. SMITH (age 15).

The gulls are undoubtedly *Larus argentatus*, herring-gull. Gulls do not dive into the water for food, as the terns do, but either snatch it from the surface, or rest upon the water, as here noted, and glean from the surface. They usually perch upon fish-net posts to rest, but where these are lacking rest upon the surface of the water. After a flock has been disturbed it seems to prefer to rest on the water.

PROFESSOR LYNDY JONES.

The name "herring-gull" probably comes from the commotion they make at sight of a school of herring or other little fish. As they follow the small fry about, the fishermen often take them for pilots and follow to get the larger fish, which are in pursuit of the little ones.

FLORENCE MERRIAM BAILEY.

VERY FRIENDLY GULLS.

HÔTEL TROIS COURONNES,
VEVEY, SUISSE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to tell you about some gulls who come to our window every day. Each time we go to the window they come, expecting to get some bread. Sometimes they will take it from our hands, but that is rather dangerous, as in their hurry they are apt to take a finger by mistake in their sharp beaks.

I am sending you a photograph of them, settling on the leads of our hotel. They are smaller than the seagull and are pure white in the winter. In the spring they partly change color, having black heads and tips of wings and tail; the rest of the body is dove-color. They are beginning to change now (November) and look very funny. The black feathers are on each side of the head, making them appear to have black ears. In the spring they suddenly disappear, going up the Rhône valley for a short time.

DOROTHY TURNER (age 10).

These are probably the black-headed gulls (*Larus ridibundus*). The black head is a characteristic of the summer plumage. This color disappears in the autumn and winter.

This letter, noting slight seasonal color-changes, suggests an account of the Western ptarmigan, that has greater changes. Who can supply good life-photographs of the ptarmigan?

E. F. B.



VERY FRIENDLY GULLS.

Although some parts of this photograph are not sharply defined, chiefly because of the very rapid motion of the wings, it is published because it excellently shows the positions of the wings in alighting, and also very expressively tells us of the friendliness of the birds as the writer of the accompanying letter saw them.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY FRANK P. O'BRIEN, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

BY SIBYL KENT STONE (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

I SIT beside the firelight's ruddy glow—
Forget the cold breath on the window-pane,
Forget the earth is muffled deep in snow,
Forget—and lo! 't is summer-time again.

Once more I see the sun-kissed, joyous blue
Of rolling, murmur'ing waters tipped with white,
The lovely sunset's dying, fading hue,
And then the softened dark of summer night.

But stay! I hear the north wind's dreary blast;
The firelight fades to glowing ashes red;
Without, the snow is driving thick and fast;
The clock strikes nine, and lo! 't is time for bed.

AN "Episode from French History" has been a popular subject, and so many interesting anecdotes and incidents have been received that we have been obliged to leave out more good contributions than we have had room to publish. For one thing, we have been compelled to omit almost everything about the three favorite heroines in French history: Joan of Arc, Marie Antoinette, and Charlotte Corday. More than half of the contributions received told the brave, sad stories of these three famous women—one a peasant girl, one a queen, the third a patrician who was yet willing to die in the cause of liberty for all. We do not print their stories because they are already familiar to those who have studied French history, and are a part of every school curriculum. Joan, who found her way from the peasant hut at Domremy to Orléans and Rheims, to crown a king who let her perish at the stake; Antoinette of Austria, fair, frivolous, and lovable in her youth, wise and sweet in womanhood, dying at last calmly and nobly, as a queen should die; Charlotte of Normandy, who strengthened her arm to slay a monster and paid for his wretched life with her own—their well-known stories we have put by for incidents and episodes less widely known, or perhaps for some picturesque retelling of a familiar scene. For, as we have often said before, we must select for the reader as well as for the writer, and this is what every magazine editor does. To teach this point of view in the

League is only preparing its members for the methods of those grown-up periodicals which some day will be considering, and, we hope, accepting a great many of our contributions.

It seems curious that any one who can write a poem good enough to take a prize should try to rhyme "meet" with "keep," especially after we have so often inveighed against the effort which some of our young friends make to unite varying consonant sounds. No poet has been allowed to do so to any extent since Chaucer, and Chaucer's license would be revoked if he were to take any such liberties in this day of trained ears and eyes. "Skate" does not rhyme with "flake," "sun" does not rhyme with "come," nor do any two words having different consonant sounds. It should not be necessary for the editor to tell the contributors this—their ears ought to tell it to them; and while our young poets may, in their school verses, compromise with rhymes and mix their meters, if they choose, prize-winning in the League does not lie in that direction. "Sun" rhymes with "fun" and "gun" and "run" and "done." "Skate" rhymes with "date" and "plate" and "obviate"; "meet" with "fleet," "complete," and "hard to beat." Also, do not try to rhyme "dawn" with "morn." There are persons, we regret to say, who forget that the letter *r* has any right to be heard, and pronounce "morn" as if it were spelled "mawn," but no such persons have places on the staff of ST. NICHOLAS, and the letter *r* in the League office is accorded a full and fair hearing.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 62.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badge, **Sibyl Kent Stone** (age 15), 90 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, **Ethel Dickson** (age 15), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y., and **Katherine Rutan Newmann** (age 11), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

Prose. Gold badges, **Martin Janowitz** (age 15), 387 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y., and **Francis Marion Miller** (age 12), Oak Grove Ave., Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

Silver badges, **Persis Parker** (age 14), Julesburg,

Colo., and **Marian van Buren** (age 8), 15 Promenade des Anglais, Nice, France.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Frank P. O'Brien** (age 16), 1613 S. 18th St., S. Phila., Pa., and **Dorothy Ochtman** (age 12), Coscob, Conn.

Silver badges, **Will Byrnes** (age 15), 1430 Granville Pl., St. Louis, Mo., and **Katherine Dulcebella Barbour** (age 12), Montebello, Cal.

Photography. Gold badges, **Miles W. Weeks** (age 17), 467 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass., and **Edward A. Niles** (age 10), Concord, N. H.

Silver badges, **Seward C. Simons** (age 15), 170 Arroyo Terrace, Pasadena, Cal., and **James M. Walker** (age 13), 1726 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Yellowstone Deer," by **Lucy Williams** (age 14), 6609 Stewart Ave., Chicago, Ill. Second prize, "Owl," by **Isabel Caley** (age 12), Bala, Pa. Third Prize, "Gull's Nest," by **Caro Kingman** (age 12), 45 Windsor Rd., Brookline, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Alice Knowles** (age 9), 248 Morris Ave., Providence, R. I., and **Erwin Janowitz** (age 11), 387 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Janet Rankin** (age 12), 916 5th St., S. E., Minneapolis, Minn., and **Fred Berger** (age 15), 626 Brown St., Davenport, Iowa.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **Walter L. Dreyfuss** (age 16), 1239 Madison Ave., N. Y. City.

Silver badge, **Dorothy Rutherford** (age 11), 154 Richmond Rd., Hintonburg, Ontario.

AN UNWRITTEN EPISODE IN FRENCH HISTORY.

BY MARTIN JANOWITZ (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

A SHORT distance outside of Paris there lived, shortly before the outbreak of the Reign of Terror, a kind nobleman by name of Comte de Gascony.

Being an elderly person, unmarried, and not mixed up in the political broils, he would have had a lonesome time of it, but Jean J——, a neighbor's eight-year-old lad with golden curly hair and bright blue eyes, visited him often in the beautiful chateau. And the comte loved this child like a father.

As Paris was only a couple of miles distant, they quickly heard the startling information that the peasants had defied the authority of their overlords. The doings of Robespierre and his friends soon reached them and filled the comte and the villagers with horror. Even when his servants had deserted him, the old nobleman still remained true to his old home, believing that better days would soon succeed the evil times of France.

Jean was a cheerful, sunny young boy. His hearty laughter more than once cheered up the brooding old man.

One day Jean was sent to the tavern to buy some spirits for his sick mother. Having performed his errand, he started back toward home. Suddenly hoofbeats sounded behind him. Glancing around, he saw two men with red sashes about their waists come dashing up to the inn. A sudden fear struck his heart. Did they come for Comte de Gascony? The thought of it set him off at a run for the chateau. With his breath in gasps, he reached the place. Dashing into the library, he found his aged friend sitting in an arm-chair, reading. He quickly told him about the coming of the two horsemen.

The next few minutes were the busiest ones that the boy had ever known. The comte had

most of his furniture shipped to England, but to collect his jewels and various small but very valuable things took time.

The grand old nobleman was kissing the little boy the last farewell when a fierce knock sounded on the door. The two hurriedly left the room and ran out to the stables. The last Jean ever saw of the kind Comte de Gascony, he was speeding on his fleetest horse up the road toward Calais.

A curious signet-ring bearing the fleur-de-lis of France upon it is one of our most sacred possessions; for was not Jean J—— my ancestor?

PLEASURE.

BY ETHEL DICKSON (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

SHE is a changing, fickle thing,

What we call pleasure;

She hovers near on radiant wing,

A baffling treasure.

Frail hands outstretched would seize her fast,

And hold her ever;

But as they close she flashes past,

And lingers never.

But even though she tarries not,

She makes hearts lighter,

And leaves in darkest days a spot

A little brighter.

She flutters on, and in her train

Leaves echoed laughter;

Elusive, thwarting all who strain

To follow after.



"A STUDY FROM NATURE." BY DOROTHY OCHTMAN, AGE 12.
(GOLD BADGE.)

AN EPISODE IN FRENCH HISTORY.

BY FRANCIS MARION MILLER (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

To France goes the honor of having built the first fleet of ironclads, the battleships that succeeded *L'Orient*, *Victory*, and *Constitution*, and out of which has developed the powerful fighting machines of to-day. In 1854 France constructed four ironclads that a year later sailed with her fleets to the Crimean War. Three of these boats were formed into a squadron. The first test of the real value of these vessels was at the mouth of the Dnieper River, where they were ordered to assault the forts of Kinburn. These fortifications had successfully resisted the attacks of the combined fleets of the allies.

The French vessels sailed confidently on, and closing in with the forts the battle commenced. Shots literally poured out of the ships and forts. The fire of the French did dreadful damage. A great shot plowed into one fort, nearly destroying it, and casting earth and debris far from where it struck. The forts were fought gallantly and stubbornly, but to no avail. The shots that found their mark and hit the French boats made no impression on their formidable foe. When the action commenced, the thunder of battle was frightful to hear. A cloud of smoke hovered over the combatants like a death pall, pierced here and there by vivid flashes of fire. At first the number of flashes was blinding, the reports deafening, the thought of what was going on terrible to meditate. Gradually, however, on the land side, the flashes and reports diminished to an occasional demonstration as one by one the forts were silenced. The smoke-cloud, lifting from over the ruined forts of Kinburn, lifted from over an important episode in French history.

This battle marked the beginning of the era of iron and steel, that succeeded wood in naval construction. Since then hundreds have been killed, thousands have been wounded, millions of dollars have been destroyed in naval warfare. The battle-ships of to-day could at a single broadside destroy those gladiators of the Crimean War. But our modern fighting vessels are merely great developments of those French ironclads which, that memorable day, at the mouth of the Dnieper River, so gallantly upheld the honor of France, and planted the event of the bombardment of the forts of Kinburn among the foremost episodes of the world's history.

This was the first battle in which ironclads participated.

Lost or damaged League buttons will be replaced without charge on application.



"DISTANCE." BY MILES W. WEEKS, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

MY GREATEST PLEASURE.

BY KATHERINE RUTAN NEWMANN (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

UPON the hearth I love to purr

And hear the kettle sing.

I got a bur within my fur;

It's not a pleasant thing.

I love the mice that skip about;

They are afraid of me.

They say, "Look, look, the cat is out;

Our doom is fixed—he, he!"

I love to chase the kittens

And see them tumble round;

Through that I lost my mittens,

And they cannot be found.

One day, as on the hearth

I purred,

A-thinking of my luck,

I thought that really I preferred

A chicken to a duck.

JEANNE D'ARC.

BY PERSIS PARKER

(AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

THE great audience-hall of the Château Chignon was ablaze with light. The polished white walls reflected the sparkle of jewels and the sheen of satin and silk.

"Nay, queen mother, she is no witch—only a simple country maid."

"You will not give her a private audience, Charles?"

"The ladies wish to see this soldier peasant girl, so let her come here."

This conversation took place between Prince Charles VII of France and Yolande, the queen mother. Suddenly a blare of trumpets silenced all

laughter, and only whispers were heard in the great room; the wide doors were thrown open, and Jeanne d'Arc entered. Her fine dark eyes shone with excitement, and an almost holy light seemed to play round her whole figure, which was clothed in armor.

As she advanced, murmurs of amazement were heard on all sides. Her movements were graceful, and not a sign of the strangeness of her position passed over her pale white face. In the canopied chair of state a handsome youth played the part of the Dauphin, while the weak features of Charles were seen near the doors. Jeanne did not mistake for a moment this lad for the Dauphin, but with supernatural instinct turned to Charles.

"I am sent of God, noble prince," she said, "to raise the siege of Orléans and to see you crowned at Rheims."

Charles, impressed by this, led her aside and into an alcove where the moonlight streamed through an open



"DISTANCE." BY EDWARD A. NILES, AGE 10. (GOLD BADGE.)

window. No one knows what was said, but some of the strength and light seemed to be transferred from Jeanne's face to that of the Dauphin. They continued in conversation for some time, then Charles led Jeanne back into the hall with the reverence due a princess, and gave her over to one of the court ladies. Just before he left her, he stooped and kissed her hand.

Thus Jeanne d'Arc, the peasant girl of Domremy, the savior of France, began her mission which ended with her death on May 30, 1431.

PLEASURE.

BY ALICE TRIMBLE (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge-winner.*)

Pleasure is round us,
Pleasure is here,
Autumn and springtime,
All through the year.

Pleasure is with us
And round us galore,
Pleasure and happiness,
E'en at our door—

Pleasure in making
Another child bright,
Pleasure in doing
What we think is right.

VERCINGETORIX.

BY MARIAN VAN BUREN (AGE 8).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I HAVE just got as far as Louis XIII in French history, and one of the episodes which impressed me very much was the story of the noble Vercingetorix. He was born in Arverne, which is now called Auvergne, and lived at the time when Cæsar invaded France—58 B.C.

Vercingetorix was a very brave and

noble man, and as the Gauls knew this they chose him for their chief.

For some time they succeeded in checking the Romans gloriously, but after a time Cæsar shut Vercingetorix and his army up in Alesia. For a long time Vercingetorix defended the town splendidly, but at last all their provisions were exhausted, and his army died of hunger, and only he and a few other soldiers were left. He knew it would have been impossible to drive the Romans away, so he determined to go and give himself up to Cæsar and implore him to withdraw and to spare his country; so he put on his best suit of armor, mounted his finest horse, and going alone before Cæsar, he threw his armor and sword at Cæsar's feet. Cæsar had not a kind heart, and instead of admiring the great devotion of Vercingetorix, he had him put in chains and sent him to Rome, where he kept him in prison for six years.

After this long, dreary time he had the cruelty to execute this hero who had so bravely defended his country.

THE PLEASURES OF DREAMING.

BY DOROTHY AGNES CAFFIN (AGE 15).

I HEAR a sound of music soft and sweet
That makes me think of springtime and of flowers,
Of moonlight as it streams across the grass,
And shady woodland paths and fairy bowers.

And as I listen, visions seem to shape
Themselves within my mind, and I behold
Knights in full armor riding in the lists
Or wooing lovely maids with hair of gold.

And soon I love them e'en as though they lived;
And though the tale is for myself alone,
It gives me greater pleasure than a book,
For it belongs to me—it is my own!



"DISTANCE." BY JAMES M. WALKER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"DISTANCE." BY SEWARD F. SIMONS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

AN EPISODE IN FRENCH HISTORY.

BY ELIZABETH WILCOX PARDEE (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

In 885 A.D., during the reign of Charles the Fat, Rollo, a gigantic Norse chief, who was so large that no horse could carry him, resolved to conquer France. Sailing up the river Seine to Paris with seven hundred vessels and thirty thousand warriors, he besieged it for a year and a half. Then as the city would not surrender, he fell back to Rouen, and tried to obtain possession of the surrounding country.

A few years later, Charles the Simple, who occupied the throne at that time, found that he was no match for the Northmen, so hoped to make peace by offering Rollo the privilege of marrying the daughter of the archbishop of Rouen and a gift of one thousand square miles around the city. The only condition the king imposed was that Rollo should acknowledge him as his sovereign. To this Rollo made no objections, knowing that he could keep or break his oath of allegiance as he chose.

At a great assembly, King Charles made the grant in solemn feudal form. Rollo was then informed that all that remained to complete the ceremony was for him to show his allegiance to the king by kissing his Majesty's foot.

"Never!" answered the barbarian, fiercely. "I will bow the knee to no one, much less kiss any man's foot."

Rollo, after much urging from the archbishop, consented to go through the performance by proxy, and ordered one of his warriors to kiss the king's foot. The man obeyed, but instead of kneeling, jerked the king's foot into the air so suddenly and forcibly that the monarch was sent sprawling backward, amid shouts of laughter from the spectators, who greatly enjoyed this part of the ceremony. The king recovered his dignity as best he could, but dared not expostulate.

He was satisfied now that he had gained his one great object, which was peace with the Northmen.

A RECENT EPISODE IN FRENCH HISTORY.

BY CONSTANCE TAYLOR (AGE 14).

AN interesting episode in French history, to me, was the banishment of one of the congregations, a teaching order, during the present historical epoch—the separation of the church and state.

My sister and I were at a French religious school just inside the boundaries of France, a short distance from Geneva. The place was beautifully situated between the Salève Mountain and the Arve River. The school buildings were fine and large, and the estate produced everything required for food, even the wine.

The mothers, or teachers, were very kind and good, and although we are not Roman Catholics, we were very happy, and made many warm friends among them.

One morning at breakfast, early in July, 1903, we found, to our amazement, that none of the mothers had slept the previous night—and no wonder, poor things! for we learned later, what they had known the night before, that the French government had given them notice to leave France at once, and would also confiscate their property.

This seemed very hard, because not more than twenty years before they had been compelled to leave the canton of Geneva, where they had first established their school.

It happened that the order owned a house in Fribourg, and it was decided that the school go there; and, although Fribourg is the Roman Catholic center of Switzerland, the mothers thought it best to disguise themselves as people of the world, and no one was to know they were a religious house.

One mother returned to her own family, and others were scattered in different schools in various parts of the world.

Of course they had to let their hair grow, and it was very funny to hear how "Mère Allouise" was able to use two hairpins and "Mère Geneviève" three. And one would not recognize these same mothers when ready to leave, they were so changed.



"DISTANCE." BY LAWRENCE SHERIDAN, AGE 17.

My sister and I helped at the sale of their household possessions, and it was very sad indeed.

The Swiss custom-officers had surrounded the school property; they were even in the fields; and it was with difficulty that our vice-consul was able to get our luggage across Switzerland without paying duty.

I afterward had the great pleasure of seeing my favorite teacher, Mère Flavie, in Paris, when on her way to England to teach.

PLEASURE OF WINTER.

BY MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

WHEN the wintry sun has vanished

From his path adown the skies,
And the sleety branches rattle,
And the rising night wind cries,
'T is the time when home is brightest,

In the rosy firelight's glow;
When within, the cheer of winter,
And without, the drifting snow.

When the storm-king sways his scepter,
Summons forth his mighty host
With a sound as of the surging
Of the waves upon the coast,
Then it is that shadows waver
As the dying log burns low;
All within, the cheer of winter,
And without, the drifting snow.

Though old earth a spotless mantle
Of the deepest winter wears,
Though each window-pane is frosted,
And each twig a diamond bears,
On the hearth the flames are leaping,
From the north the wild winds blow;
Then within, the cheer of winter,
And without, the drifting snow.

AN EPISODE IN FRENCH HISTORY.

BY HELEN WHITMAN (AGE 10).

LOUIS XI reigned long over France in the year 1461. Louis was very superstitious. He believed that a certain man whom he knew could forecast the future.

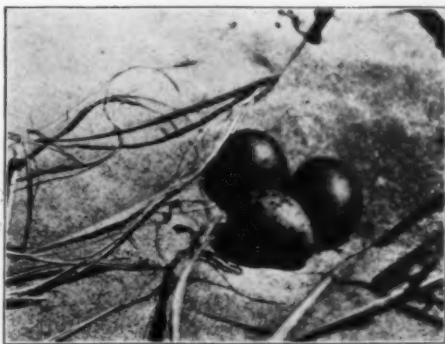
One time this man told Louis something that did not come true. The king was very angry. He was going to hang this astrologer who had told him such a falsehood. So he sent for the astrologer.



"YELLOWSTONE DEER," BY LUCY WILLIAMS, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"OWL," BY ISABEL CALEY, AGE 12. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")



"GULL'S NEST," BY CARO KINGMAN, AGE 12. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

But when the astrologer came into the presence of the king and saw all the soldiers standing around he knew what Louis was going to do. So he fell to thinking what he should do. The king began to reproach him.

Then the astrologer said: "The stars may have made a mistake, or I did; but of one thing I am sure—that you will die a few hours after I die."

So the king did not have the cunning astrologer hanged, for fear that he should die a few hours afterward.

PLEASURES OF FEBRUARY.

BY GERTRUDE A. STRICKLER (AGE 14).

WHEN the day is cold and chilly,
And the ground is white with snow,

Down the hill on a toboggan
With our friends we laughing go.

Ah! what pleasure in the moments,

Short, but oh, such jolly fun!
How in joy our breath 's suspended
Till the glorious slide is done.

When the day is cold and chilly,
And there is n't any snow,
With our skates across our shoulders
To the skating-rink we go.

Ah! what pleasure in the moments
When across the ice we fly;
And when low the sun is sinking,
We are loath to say "Good-by."

But one day in February,
Whether clouds or whether clear,
We stand watching by the window
For the postman to appear.

Ah! what pleasure in that moment
When the bell the postman rings;
What a joyful rush and scramble
For St. NICHOLAS he brings!

AN EPISODE IN FRENCH HISTORY.

BY FRANCES LUBBE ROSS (AGE 13).

WHEN the young king, Louis XVI, married the beautiful Austrian princess, Marie Antoinette, many of the old "grandes dames" of the French court were shocked by the young queen's light and somewhat frivolous manners, and her disregard of old formal customs. Her chief lady of the bedchamber, the Duchess of Noailles (an old court lady who, though well-intentioned, was somewhat

dull and tiresome, and very formal), reasoned with her, and tried to persuade her to acknowledge the customs of the court; but it was of no avail: the young queen laughed in her face, and even went so far as to nickname the duchess "Madame Etiquette." On one occasion, Queen Marie Antoinette was riding a donkey, and the little beast, falling, threw her to the ground. She sat there laughing, her merry eyes sparkling, and could not be persuaded to rise until the Duchess of Noailles came up to where she sat, much shocked by such romping; then, putting on a grave, inquiring face, she asked in a mischievous voice:

"Pray, Madame Etiquette, when the queen and her donkey both tumble down together, which ought to be the first to get up?"

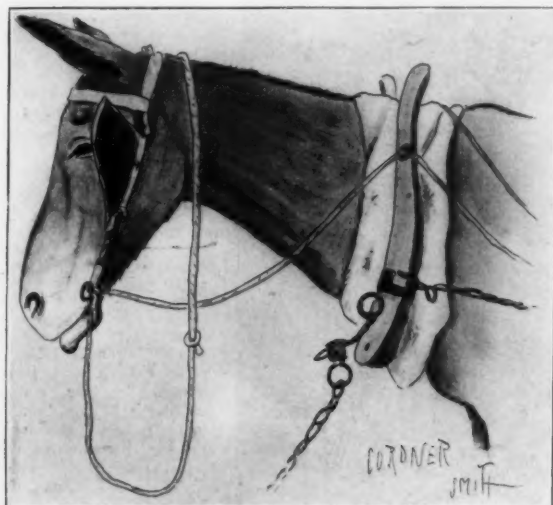
PLEASURES—A SONNET.

BY AGNES CHURCHILL LACY (AGE 17).

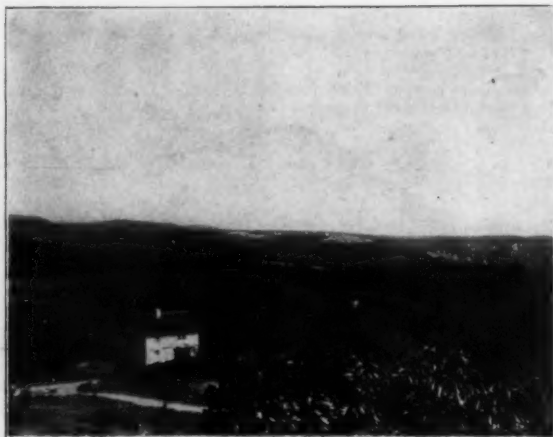
(Honor Member.)

It is a joy to linger on the shore
Where earth and ocean meet, when in the west
The sun has sunk all slowly to his rest,
And brooding twilight wraps the waters o'er.
Then all of earth slips from us, and no more
Are we by petty cares of life oppressed;
A stillness, like a prayer all unexpressed,
Soft balm on every sorrow seems to pour.

I wonder not that ancient fables place
Their lands Elysian o'er the distant sea;
We feel as though no human soul might trace
The wanderings of its immensity.
It seems to ever roll through endless space,
Touching the shores of dim eternity.



"A STUDY FROM NATURE." BY CORDNER SMITH, AGE 16.
(HONOR MEMBER.)



"DISTANCE." BY JOSEPH S. WEBB, AGE 13.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE DAYS OF NAPOLEON.

BY PHILIP WARREN THAYER (AGE 11).

DURING the year 1804 Napoleon was threatening to send an army to England, and boats were made ready, many of which were supposed not to be seaworthy, and the people who doubted Napoleon's intentions made a great deal of fun of them. Some called the ships "Walnut Shells," and declared that they would sink before they reached England. During this time there was a play given at a Paris opera-house in one scene of which an actor appeared on the stage eating walnuts. There was a tub of water before him, and he placed the shells in this and carefully floated them around. Another actor came in from behind the scenes and asked him what he was doing.

"Oh," he said, "I am making boats for the emperor's flotilla."

When the audience heard that they fairly roared with laughter. The following day this came to the ears of the authorities, who gave an order forbidding it to be repeated. The next night the same play was produced, and the man put the shells in the tub as before.

When asked again what he was doing, he said:

"Oh, I know, but I also know enough not to tell." The audience laughed louder than before. The man was never punished.

A FEBRUARY PLEASURE.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 12).

(Honor Member.)

WHAT pleasure when the postman comes,
One February morning;
What lovely hearts and bells you find
Sweet Cupid's face adorning!

And oh, what glorious fun there is
In guessing who 's the sender;
And who has decked them out for you
With gilt and tinsel splendor!

THE HILLS OF JOY.

BY ROY RANDALL (AGE 14).

I SAW in visions of the night
The Hills of Joy arise;
I saw their gleaming crystal crests
Clear cut the starry skies.

And travelers on the green hillsides
Were climbing joyously,
And one I called who sweetly sang,
And he told this to me:

"A road leads to these
Hills of Joy
Forth from a world
of sin,
And strong and sure
must be the feet
Of him who walks
therein.

"His heart must love,
his hands must
lift,
Those fallen by the
way.
And he must ever
strive to do
His best from day
to day."

I joined the throng,
I felt the joy
Of service freely given.
And when I stood upon the crest,
Lo! 't was the Gate of Heaven.

PLEASURE AND FUN.

BY MARGUERITE WEED (AGE 13).

HASTE and find your drum and trumpet;
Find the flag, red, white, and blue;
And the gun and sword and cannon,
Soldier-hat and knapsack, too;

Bring the shawls and chairs and boxes,
Fix our tents up snug and fine:
Now, my men, I 'll be your captain;
Stand here, quickly, in a line.

Jim, you 'll have to be the corporal;
You can be lieutenant, Ted;
Jack, you be a wounded soldier:
Come, men, put him into bed.

Look, boys, look! here come the enemy!
At them, now, and make them run.
Oh, I say, this playing soldier
On George Washington's birthday 's
fun!

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN
FRENCH HISTORY.

BY DOROTHEA GAY (AGE 16).

DURING the winter of 1814-15 all France
was in a fever of excitement and discontent.
The emperor had abdicated and taken up
his enforced residence on the island of Elba,
and the royal power was held by a Bour-

bon, Louis XVIII. No one liked the new rule. It satisfied neither the Bonapartists nor the royalists by its policy. Napoleon himself had said: "The Bourbons will put France at peace with Europe, but how will they put her at peace with herself?" The lilies brought nothing with them but civil strife.

Meanwhile the exiled monarch kept himself posted upon affairs in Paris, and spent his time preparing the few ships and men left him for a sudden departure. On the twenty-sixth of February, knowing that the British vessel which acted as a spy on his movements had gone to Leghorn, he hastily embarked.

On the first of March he landed at Gulf Juan and began his famous march to Paris. At first no troops were sent against him, for Paris was not yet awake to the fact that he was really in France. As soon as they realized, however, that he was almost upon them, the Fifth Legion was sent to check his progress. Their former commander advanced to meet the men—alone. "Soldiers of the Fifth," he cried, "do you recognize me?" "Yes, yes!" they eagerly replied.

"And is there a man among you," he continued, "who would fire upon his emperor?"

This was too much; and rushing forward with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" they surrounded him, and throwing themselves upon him, embraced his feet in their enthusiasm of love and adoration.

This incident was only an example of what followed. The rest of the journey was one long triumphal procession. To send men against Napoleon was but to enlarge his forces. Marshal Ney was looked to as a last resort; but when he understood the situation, he yielded to the force of circumstances and joined the invader. On



"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY IRMA T. DIESCHER, AGE 16.



"DISTANCE." BY CHARLES FORD HARDING, JR., AGE 14.

the night of the nineteenth of March the king fled from Paris, and the next evening, amid the rejoicings of the people, the emperor entered the city.



"HEADING."
BY MARGARET
MCKEON, AGE 15.

PLEASURE.

BY LEO E. MILLER
(AGE 16).

IF for pleasure you are
longing,
Seek the forest's solitude;
Nature speaks to each a lan-
guage
Through the voices of the
wood.

Go among the somber shadows;
Sit beside the babbling brook;
Listen to the wild birds' warbling,
Singing in each shady nook.

There the screaming hawks at noon-time
Hover high o'er leafy bowers,
While below are slowly flitting
Butterflies among the flowers.

Pluck a violet or a daisy
From the brooklet's mossy
brink,
And while homeward paths
you 're treading,
Of't nature's pleasures
think.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 776. "Ye Twentieth Century." Evelyn Franck, President; Inez Wolf, Secretary; eight members. Address, 306 West 99th St., N. Y. City.

No. 777. Laura Thomas, President; Charlotte Way, Secretary; eight members. Address, Oxford, Pa.

No. 778. Margaret Davidson, President; Helen Irvine, Secretary; four members. Address, 1522 Fifth Ave., New Brighton, Pa.

No. 779. Florence Davis, Secretary; three members. Address, 112 West 76th St., N. Y. City.

No. 780. "The Busters." Sarah Lanyshire, President; Norma Denison, Secretary; eight members. Address, P. O. Box 222, Berlin, N. Y.

No. 781. Eugenie Root, President; Margery Russell, Secretary; eight members. Address, 407 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

No. 782. "St. Nicholas Six." Watson Dazier, President; Simon Nathan, Secretary; six members. Address, 202 East St., Redding, Cal.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

ONCE more we are obliged to print a Roll of the Forgetful, it being a list of those who did not put their ages on their contributions, thereby excluding them from the competitions. The roll this month is as follows:

Corinne Benoit, Carl Stearns, Katharine A. Potter, Rudolph Leding, Charles W. Williams, Mary Wilson, Frieda H. Tellkamp, Margaret Armour, Margaret Locan, Helen Gardner Waterman, Laura Sleeper, Anna A. Fichtman, Lawrence Arnold, Mary Daly, Ethel Owens, Roy Chapman, Walter K. Ashmead, Helen Lee, Margery Livingston, Beulah Boughner, Lylie Finck, John H. Boyle, and George H. Plough.

The League editor is in receipt of two numbers of the "Holiday Magazine," of 39 Norfolk Square, London, England. This periodical is issued three times a year,—in the Easter, summer, and Christmas holidays,—and the profits from its sale are given to the "Guild of the Brave Poor Things." In a letter from the editors we are told:

We get a celebrity to write in each number: for instance, last Christmas we had Mary Cholmondeley, author of "Red Pottage," etc.; last Easter, as you will see, E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo," etc.; and in the summer one Austey Guthrie, author of "Vice Versa," etc. We print it ourselves on a little printing machine called the "Model."

As you will see, it is divided into three parts—one for contributors above fifteen years of age (that belongs to my brother of sixteen years), one for those below fifteen and over nine (I take that part, as I am twelve), and the other for contributors below nine, which last is conducted by my small brother of eight years.

It would be so much help to us in getting contributors if you would honor us by mentioning our little periodical in your pages, and asking people who wish to contribute to write for particulars to the above address.

With best wishes from my fellow-editors, George and Stephen Benson, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
STELLA BENSON.

Certainly the "Holiday Magazine" is a novel and worthy enterprise, and deserves all the success it has attained, which is very considerable.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was interested to see in the November ST. NICHOLAS a picture of a gull's nest, because any I saw this summer were just little hollows in the sand with eggs in them. One day, at Prince Edward Island, I saw as many as fifty sets of eggs and not a nest among them. Inclosed is a picture of one of them that I took, also a photograph of an egg—an egg partly open with a bill protruding—and a young bird as I saw them.

Your loving reader,
CARO KINGMAN (age 12).

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

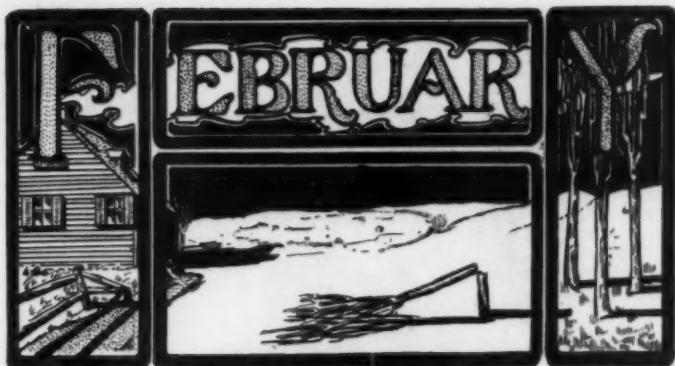
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When my beautiful gold badge came I thought that I must write at once to thank you for it, but I have tried again and again, and I find that I cannot tell you how pleased I am with it, or how much I thank you for it. You have encouraged me to try still further and to be willing to wait too, which is the hardest thing. I can be a competitor now only for a year, but I shall always be your very interested reader.

Very sincerely,
CAROLINE M. MORTON.



"DISTANCE." BY ANNA E. KENNEDY, AGE 13.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, with a view of artistic and literary improvement. The membership is free, and instruction leaflet and membership badge will be sent free on application.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY. BY WILL BYRNES, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

GERMANTOWN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been a member of your League for five years and am very much interested in the drawing competitions. I cannot begin to tell you what a help the League has been to me, for I know that my work has improved greatly since I first received my membership badge. I often wonder if you can really know what a gold or silver badge means to those of your members who for several years have struggled hard for it. I shall never forget how I felt when I received my silver badge. But I shall not rest contented here; I mean to win the first prize. I compete nearly every month, and, though I do not reach the goal I have set for myself, I will not be discouraged—I will not stop trying until I win the gold badge. I am writing to ask you if, sometime in the near future, we may have a drawing competition for which we may choose our own subjects. I should enjoy it very much, dear St. NICHOLAS, and I feel sure that some of the other members would also. Hoping that you will grant my request, I am,

Your enthusiastic League member,

FLORENCE GARDINER.

DÜSSELDORF, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing your notice in the April number, requesting the names of past members who have graduated as paid workers, I take pleasure in sending you my name as one of these.

I have done every kind of work for seven different firms, including Raphael Tuck, for whom I regularly make picture post-cards.

I am now nineteen years of age. I have come over here to study at the Art Akademie for some time.

Perhaps later on I may have the pleasure of submitting some of my work to you.

Sending you hearty good wishes for the League and its promoters, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

W. B. HUNTLY.

P.S. I only wish the League were better known in Great Britain. It gave me an upward impetus, for which I am thankful to you. Would it be worth your while to insert an advertisement in such a magazine as "The Captain"? This would reach the right class of readers in England. I met very few people indeed who knew anything about St. NICHOLAS at all.

W. B. H.

YARRO, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you to-day my poem on "Pleasure." I dearly love to write for you. I have learned so much by doing so, and if I can no longer win prizes I shall continue to write.

Your faithful member,

MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can't tell you how pleased I was to find that I had won a silver badge in the last competition. I have often tried, and been on the honor roll, but I hardly thought I would ever join the ranks of prize-winners. It seems so strange to see one's own little effusion in print.

VOL. XXXII.—48.

The badge, I think, is very, very pretty, and I am extremely proud of it. I want to thank you for your kindness in giving it to me. You don't know what an encouragement it is.

It seems to me that every one I know has heard about it—even my teachers. It shows how many friends St. NICHOLAS has.

I very seldom compete during winter, when I am busy at school, but perhaps next summer I shall try again.

Thanking you again for your lovely prize, I am,

Your very sincere friend,

HARRIET RUTH FOX.

FLORENCE, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write and tell you how much I enjoy your article on "How to Study Pictures," which came out in the November number. I am very much interested in it, as I have been seeing a great many of them over here. I have seen, here in Florence, the ones by Cimabue, Giotto, Memling, and Albrecht Dürer. In Memling's I especially looked at the small landscapes mentioned, and what I thought quite strange was how very realistic the rug in it looked. I also examined the details mentioned in the other pictures, which helped me a great deal in my studies of them. I am looking forward with much pleasure to the next numbers.

Your sincere reader,

CHARLES M. FFOULKE, JR. (age 13).

Other valued letters have been received from Donald Jackson, Dorothy Wmick, Helen George, Evelyn G. Patch, Gladys L. Carroll, Margaret Spahr, Zena Parker, M. McKeon, Dorothy S. Bradford, Mary E. Pidgeon, Florence C. O'Rourke, Katharine Marble Sherwood, Josephine E. Swain, Natalie Wurtz, Meg Greenless, William A. R. Russum, Dorothy Arnold, Jeannette P. Hunt, Marjorie Macgregor, Dorothy Weiman, Mary Gargas, and Eleanor Wyman.

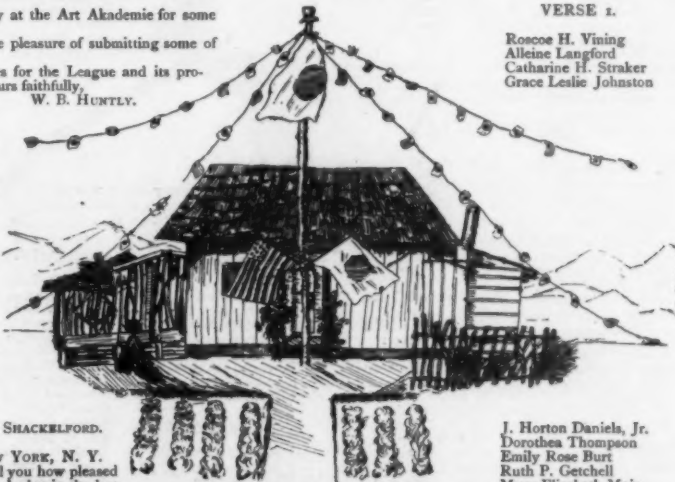
THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Roscoe H. Vining
Alleine Langford
Catherine H. Straker
Grace Leslie Johnston



J. Horton Daniels, Jr.
Dorothea Thompson
Emily Rose Burt
Ruth P. Getchell
Mary Elizabeth Mair
Eleanor Moody
Ann Drew
Doris Neel
Elnie Moore

"A STUDY FROM NATURE"—A JAPANESE HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA, MIKADO'S BIRTH-DAY. BY KATHERINE DULCEBELLA BARBOUR, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A STUDY FROM NATURE." BY JESSIE C. SHAW, AGE 17.

Emmeline Bradshaw
Janet Buchanan
Kathryn Macy
Mary Winslow
Hélène Mabel Sawyer
Elizabeth Morrison
Alta Lockwood
Ruth H. Keigwin
Ruth McNamee
Nannie Clark Barr
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Phyllis Brooks
Julia Dorsey Musser
Julia S. Ball
Eleanor McGrath
Eleanor R. Chapin
Thoda Cockcroft
Rosalie Elizabeth Dufour
Eleanor Johnson
Helen Dekum

VERSE 2.

Florence Louise Adams
Aline de Maret
Melicent Eno Humason
Olive L. Jenkins
Hanna D. Monaghan
John L. Gallagher
Eugene Scarborough
Arvine Kelly
Caroline Coit Stevens
Counna Long
Kathleen Love Watkins
Inez Pischel
Catherine E. Jackson
M. Lewenberg
Josephine E. Swam
Mary M. Dabney
E. Marguerite Routledge
Dorothy St. John Mild-
may
Lucius Hicks
Margaret Acomb
Constance Gardner
Ruth Albert
Alma Liechty
Robert H. J. Holden
Reinhart Kaufmann
Edward L. Goodwin
Susan Warren Wilbur
Kathryn Rothschild

PROSE 1.

Elizabeth Reed Eastman
Mary Thornton
Mary Pemberton Nourse
Helen Irvine
Thomas H. DeCator
Katharine Marble Sher-
wood
Marie Armstrong
Anne L. Parrish
Annette Windle
Ivy Varian Walshe
Louis D. Edwards
Jeannette Winifred
Hawkes

Elsie F. Weil
Gwendolen Haste
Jessy Caverhill
Vincent M. Ward
Laura Thomas
R. P. Coter
Mildred Saltonstall
Huntington
Susan M. Molleson
Lucinda W. Reed
Manuel Francis Bar-
ranco
Volant Vashon Ballard
Eleanor Hathorne Bailey
Margaret Carpenter
Lillian Heatt Lang
Esther F. Aird
Helen Davenport Perry
Primrose Lawrence
Gladys Virginia Steuart
Elizabeth Toof
Alice G. Peirce
Helen W. Irvin
Vivie Marie Fisher
Katharine Monser
Marguerite Schorr
Margaret F. Grant
Mildred Stanley Fleck
Helen Platt
Madeleine Dillay
Philip Francis Leslie
Alfred P. Merryman
M. Connaughton

Paul Ockert
Eleanor Ellis Perkins
Henrietta McIvor
Elizabeth Brady

PROSE 2.

Francisca Blaauw
Roy I. Clappitt
Carlotta Welles
Helen J. Simpson
Marguerite Terrell
Presally
Alfred Frank Brewer
Bessie Bunzel
Margaret Greenhields
Charles Henriques
Mary Frick Jennison
N. Reynolds
John C. Mosher
Lawrence Doolittle
David B. Campbell
Irene Brown
Mary Lena Wilson
William Dodge Horne, Jr.
Edith J. Minaker
Elizabeth Totten
Margaret Johnson

Theresa R. Robbins
Marjorie Newcomb Wil-
son
Dorothy Quincy Alexan-
der

Vera M. Demens
Ethel Messervy
Charlotte Waugh
W. Clinton Brown
Shirley Willis
Genevieve Ledgerwood
Theodor Bolton
Isabel Williamson
Margery Bradshaw
Helen B. Pfeifer
Joseph B. Mazzano
William Whitford
John A. Ross
L. Fred Clawson, Jr.
Margaret A. Dobson
W. E. Huntley
Jessie C. Shaw
Avis Ingalls
Robert E. Jones
Hazel Pike
Ruth Collins
Carina Eaglesfeld
Edna B. Tuthill
Dorothy Dunning
Dorothy Grace Hamilton
L. Irving Beach
Katharine Duer Irving
Betty Brabrook
Mary McLeran
Lucy D. B. Porter

"A STUDY FROM NATURE."
BY ALICE E. KINGMAN,
AGE 15.

DRAWINGS 2.

Victor St. Sears
Margaret Lantz Daniell
Charles Vallee
J. C. Prewitt
Marie Atkinson
Thomas H. Foley
Mildred C. Jones
Margaret Halfour Ker
Raymond Rohn
Carol Vehlen
Horace G. Stewart
Ella R. Brock
Bessie T. Griffith
Lucia Northey
J. S. Lovejoy
Marion K. Cobb
May Frasher
Elmira Keene
Marjorie Chisholm

DRAWINGS 1.

Henry C. Hutchings
Ella Preston
Mildred Eastey
Elizabeth MacL. Robin-
son
Lauren Ford
Carrie M. Jordan

Dorothea da Ponte
Williams
Phyllis M. Clarke
Mildred Ockert
Kathleen Soule
Frederick A. Coates
Margaret Douglass Gor-
don
Gertrude Coit
Mildred March
Ray Murray
Mary Schwab
Florence Benn
Marjorie Gabain
William Carson
Morris Tingley
Marta Cardenal y Pujals
Marion A. Rubicam

Gladys L'E. Moore
Maise Smith
Virginia McLaughlin
Emily W. Browne
Beatrice S. Fulton
Carol N. Sherman
Kate Sprague DeWolf
Harriette Barney Burt
Aline J. Dreyfus
Herbert C. Jackson
Frances Kathleen Crisp
Olive Mudie-Cooke
Elizabeth G. Freedley
Jack George
Doris L. Nash
Margaret Hazen
Albert Hart
Christina B. Fisher
Elizabeth R. Wright
Henry Stender, Jr.
Roger K. Lane
Maude Whitten
Bina May Moseley
Winifred Littell
Bessie B. Styron
Josephine Quensel
Mildred Bent
Raymond Foley
Phoebe Hunter
Dorothy Gibson
Nellie Price
Ida W. Pritchett
Washington C. Huyler
Marguerite Jervis
Elsa Hempi
Mary Ominsky
Dorothy G. Stewart
Natalie Johnson
Charles K. Gavin
Dorothy Foster
Margaret Dow
Margaret Richardson
Adelaide Stiles
Evelyn Buchanan
Eleanor S. Wilson
Efie Owen
Adelaide Chamberlin
Benison B. Hageman
Andrew Biset
Annie T. Smith
Harold Parr
Marian Walter
Zella LaBarre
Jack Huyler
Robert Strain, 3d.
Rose Briggs
Elbert Baldwin
Grace Noble
Prudence Ovington Ross
Fred Neile
Mary B. Ellis
Mary Klauder
Bessie Bocage
Beatrice Taylor
Katharine Osbourne
Franklin Spicer
Clara Smith
Helen Jervis
Alice Wangerheim
Wilhelmina Muloney
Pomeroy Graves Hub-
bard
Hall Clement
Thurlow Merrill Pre-
ntice
Alfred B. North

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Carl A. Stearns
Dorothy Gore
Clarence A. Manning
Emily Sibley
Samuel M. Jannry, Jr.
Mary M. R. Rebill
Warren L. Irish
Alice George
Mark Curtis
Foster Townsend
Lilla E. Dielman
W. F. Harold Braun
Robert W. Williams
Gale Hunter

Harold Fay
Harold L. Williamson
Piero Colonna
Eveline P. Weeks
Walter I. Badger
Gladys Stewart Bean
Robert S. Platt
Dorothy Gardiner
J. E. Fisher
Juanita R. Harmar
Edwin Augustus Acker
Will Wood
Katharine E. Marvin
Elizabeth H. Webster
Frederic C. Smith
S. Butler Murray, Jr.

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Martha G. Schreyer
Sally C. Bent
George Hill
Ruth Kellogg Pine
Doris F. Newell
Canema Dowers
Flournoy A. Hopkins
Alpha Helen Furley
Mary E. Glassner
Thomas Johnson
J. Gordon Fletcher
Zelle M. Eberstadt
Edward E. Bolte
Mary K. Warren
Karl M. Mann
Ruth H. Caldwell
Phyllis B. Mudie-Cooke
Jennie Fry
Frances Strong
Alec Sisson
Mary Weston Woodman
Walter S. Marvin
F. W. Foster
Rebecca J. Charry
Elizabeth Crane Porter
G. A. Priest
Helen M. McCurdy
Theodosia Longenecker
Elizabeth Osgood
Julia M. Addison
Harriet W. Gardiner
Florence Murdoch
Winifred M. Voelcker
Helen McIvor
Max Plambeck
Dorothy Winslow
R. Guggenheime
Edward L. Worrell
Edna Stevens
Katharine Donohoe
Betty Willett
Marie Russell
Lois M. Hitchcock
Orlan E. Dyer
Mildred F. Coss
Laurence A. Morey
Pendleton Schenck
Eugene White, Jr.
Carl Glick
Helen Wing
Florence C. Irish
Matilda G. Carnochan
Florence Isabel Miller
Winters Coldham
Clarence E. Simonson
Ruth Greenoak Lyon
Pat Kirby
H. Ernest Bell
Albert Nalle
Paul Wormser
Dorothy Arnold
Gilberta Crater
Donald McIlvaine
George Grady, Jr.
Donald C. Armour
Phoebe Hart Smith
Marjorie Parks
Katharine C. Miller
Ethel Burgess
Ignacio Bauer
Constance Freeman
Allene Crane
Henrietta McIvor
Mary Canfield

Richard Dana Skinner
Helen L. K. Porter
William H. DuBarry
Eleanor W. Hobson
Henry S. Kirshberger
Dorothy Wormser
Willie E. Crocker
Harry C. Lefebvre
Marguerite Hyde
Alice J. Sawyer
Hilliard Comstock
Alice Pine
Katharine E. Pratt

NOTICE.

The League editor will be glad to receive suggestions as to subjects for the competitions. Some of the best have come from members. Their assistance in editing this department is always welcome.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 65.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. This does not include "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners. Competition No. 65 will close February 20 (for foreign members February 25).

The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for May.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Home."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title: "A Kind Deed." Must be true.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "An Old Relic."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "My Favorite Fancy" and a Heading or Tailpiece for April.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:
The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY LEONARD OCHTMAN, AGE 10.

PUZZLES 1.

Katharine King
E. Adelaide Hahn
Russell S. Reynolds
Elizabeth Palmer Loper
David W. Colpitts, Jr.
Anna Zelley
Gladys Richardson
Margaret Webster
Edmund P. Shaw
Ruth Perkins
Olga Maria Kolff
Elsie Wormser
Florence A. Brooks
Elizabeth Beal Berry
Richard S. Bull
Oscar Cobb Lautz

PUZZLES 2.

Warde Wilkins
Ruth MacLure
Harry Bernstein
Harry W. Hazard, Jr.
Manuelita Kolfold
Zena Parker
Margaret Botticher
Lillian S. Clapp
Edwin Fockler
Edna Krouse
Alice D. Karr
Robert A. Milliken
S. T. Devan
Gerald Smith
Marjorie Shriver
Arthur J. Goldsmith
Frances R. Johnson
Jessie Adams



"A TAILPIECE FOR FEBRUARY." BY WILLARD SEEBERLING, AGE 12.

BOOKS AND READING.

"VALENTINE'S DAY." THE Saint Valentine after whom Valentine's Day is named was a Roman bishop, living about the third century of our era. He was made a saint, since he died a martyr at the hands of a mob. The old gate once called Flaminian was afterward made a monument to his memory, being called the "Porta Valentina," by Pope Julius I.

We cannot, in brief space, give a history of the observances of this saint's day. Lydgate, the English poet, about the middle of the fifteenth century sent a poem in true valentine fashion to Queen Katherine, the French bride of Henry V. Charles, Duke of Orleans, however, had sent a poetical valentine even earlier. Within two centuries afterward it had become the fashion to send presents instead of verses, but in the eighteenth century the fashion changed again, and the sending of verses has been customary ever since.

FEEDING THE IMAGINATION. JUST because books are the instruments with which teachers work in educating children, young students are very likely to have an idea that the main object in reading a book is to acquire information. They may, perhaps, be surprised to learn that all the best critics believe that information is only, at best, secondary as a purpose for reading; and this is true even if one reads only for self-improvement. Of course, much of one's reading out of school hours should rightfully be looked upon as recreation, but always without forgetting the derivation of this word. There are two things that we may mean by recreation for the mind. The soul is recreated, not only by amusement or a pleasant change of occupation, but also by being inspired. The word "inspire," too, has a suggestive meaning. It comes from the old idea of drawing in new life by breathing pure, fresh air; and just as this recreates the lungs, so the taking in of fresh, pure ideas inspires the mind. For this reason, the right reading of good poetry may be considered the best and the most improving form of pleasure derivable from books. Just as facts

help us when thinking, the ideas given us by the poets help us when feeling, which is the more important in one's life.

Though no line can be drawn strictly between the two sorts of reading, schools must give most of their attention to teaching you facts, and therefore you should see that your outside reading contains plenty to supply the other more imaginative element.

A QUESTION FOR CONSIDERATION. Now that books are to be had in every form, at every price, and on all subjects, we must each of us find some way of judging what books are worth while. No doubt many of us are guided by the opinions of friends; some judge by reviews published in various periodicals; possibly there are those who choose by chance, and never know beforehand whether a book is worth the time they must spend on it.

If there is any one of our readers who can give a valuable bit of advice to help in this most important matter of choosing good reading, it would be a kindness to all who desire not to waste their time upon inferior work.

READING AND TRADITIONS. No one will deny for a moment that the printing-press has brought as many good gifts as the most benevolent fairy; but while giving due credit to the movable types for beneficent work, we may also say a word of warning in regard to those losses which are brought about by the abundance of printed books. One of the most serious of these is the disuse of tradition—the handing down by word of mouth of the legends, customs, folk-lore, and even the harmless superstitions, of the past. It is not quite fair to say that these are utterly lost through printing, for scholars are taking care that material of this sort shall be gathered into store-houses of information—that is, into volumes meant expressly to preserve facts such as these. The loss to which we refer is, rather, a disappearance of these matters from every-day life. Before a child is old enough to read, there is a great mass of baby lore heard from the lips of

mothers or nurses, but all this comes to an end so soon as the child can make its way through the printed page unaided. What was once a great wealth of living tradition has become merely a study for scholars. Old weather-rhymes, odd little charms, bits of homely wisdom, striking proverbs, all of which used to come from the living tongue, are now disused. The form of these sayings, as framed by the tongue, was really better than their literary form as seen in print. Boys' games, for instance, used to be taught by the older boys to their young companions, and they learned in no other way; now, there are books containing collections of games for all seasons, and even the youngest may go to these for rules and directions.

The main objection to the change is this: Tradition is a living thing; so soon as a matter is put into print, it remains unchanged, and therefore does not grow or improve. All this matter is mentioned here now, because it is the holiday season, and many of the most valuable of old traditions have grown up in regard to holidays and their customs. When we consider how much went to make up a Christmas, or Twelfth Night, or New Year's celebration in the days of Queen Elizabeth, it seems a pity that holidays should become merely days of idleness and feasting. We therefore appeal to our young scholars to revive, from books if necessary, the good old customs that are in danger of being lost or forgotten.

AN IMPORTANT MISPRINT. It is not often that a fact can hide itself for a hundred and fifty years behind an upturned letter, yet that is just what happened in regard to the home of the Puritans in England. There was only one reference, in the whole history of Plymouth Colony, to the English home from which many of the Pilgrims came; and the name of the town most closely connected with their English life was there printed *Ansterfield*. Many a search for a town of this name was baffled, and the antiquarians were completely at a loss until it was suggested that, instead of being an *n*, the second letter was a *u*, making the name Austerfield. By this little change the

mystery a century and a half old vanished into thin air, and it became possible to fix upon the little church from which sprang the congregation that founded the Plymouth Colony in America.

SHAKSPERE AND DOGS. WE have been convinced by letters sent to us that

there are in Shakspeare's plays plenty of references to dogs and their ways, but we believe that the criticism is well founded which notes that in most cases where dogs are named, except in a general way, they are not spoken of with any particular affection. But may that not be because upon the stage in the Elizabethan days it would not have been desirable to direct the attention of the audience strongly to anything that would distract them from the motives that inspired the actors? To treat dogs sympathetically would bring them, in a sense, into competition with the human actors.

HAWTHORNE'S STORIES. HERE is a very well considered little article sent to us by Palmer Harman of Staunton, Virginia, attempting to show wherein the superior excellence of Hawthorne's short stories consists:

WHAT MAKES THE WORTH OF A STORY?

All of us, doubtless, like to read Hawthorne's stories, yet probably we would be puzzled if some one were to ask why we like them. There is certainly not much stirring adventure in them; no narrow escapes, shipwrecks, combats, and such things, as there are in the majority of stories. Even in his larger works, such as "The House of the Seven Gables," there is very little action or movement; yet all his writings are very interesting. You will notice that a good deal of his space is taken up with describing people—their characters and opinions—how they thought, and what they thought, their motives and feelings. And this is the very reason why his stories are good. A story which truly pictures life and character is good, and will always be good, because man is really the same now as he was in the past and as he will be in the future. Modes of living have changed and will continue to change, but we will always be the same in feelings and interests.

And we like to read about life and character; they are the most interesting things we know of—we can look around us every day and read them in the faces and acts of other people, just as well as we can read them in our books.

If a story has the quality we have been discussing, and if the language and style in which it is written are good, it is safe to say that it has "real worth."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THROUGH an unfortunate combination of circumstances, ST. NICHOLAS evidently has laid itself open to the charge of republishing material that already had appeared in another magazine, and, in a measure, of trespassing upon that periodical's copyright. In brief, many readers of the articles entitled "The Practical Boy" must have recognized in those papers a number of illustrations and a certain amount of text which had already appeared in "The Woman's Home Companion." We were not aware of this fact until attention was called to it by the editor of "The Companion," and therefore whatever blame may justly attach to ST. NICHOLAS in the matter must lie with the author of the series. Mr. Adams was most remiss in failing to notify the editor of this magazine, when offering his series of contributions, that he had already contributed very similar articles to "The Woman's Home Companion."

As a matter of course, there is no possible chance of a like experience with future articles of the ST. NICHOLAS series.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Arthur T. Vance, the editor of "The Woman's Home Companion," and also to the editor of "Aunt Janet's" pages in that periodical, for many courtesies shown to ST. NICHOLAS in unraveling the tangle caused by the thoughtless injustice to both magazines on the part of the author of the series.

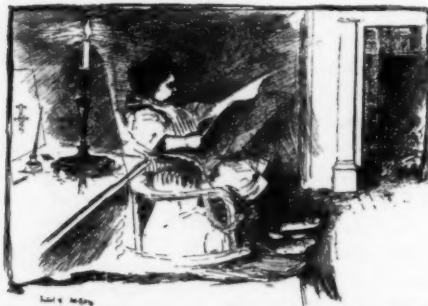
We hope no ST. NICHOLAS boy or girl will fail to read Miss Anna Parmlly Paret's "The Founding of the B.A.," and the very interesting letter from General George Washington to Brigadier-General Forman which the author has cleverly introduced into her story. This letter now appears in print for the first time; and ST.

NICHOLAS is proud to present also a facsimile of the original autograph copy which is in the possession of the author. It was written while Washington was a general and the great struggle of the Revolution was still in progress. The letter is in every way an unusually interesting historical document.

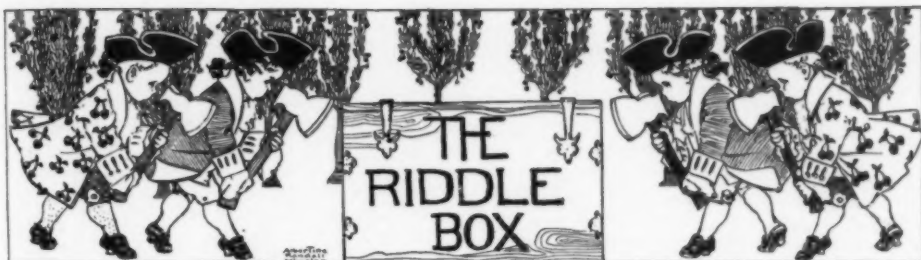
The capital little play, "Mrs. Tubbs's Telegram," which appears in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, has been published in pamphlet form by the author, and copies of it for use as an acting play may be obtained from her at the price of twenty-five cents each. Her address is Miss Katharine McDowell Rice, Worthington, Mass. *Permission to act the play must be obtained from Miss Rice, as the piece is copyrighted.*

We heartily commend this little play as a very natural and amusing comedietta which is quite within the acting capacities of every-day boys and girls. And not the least point in its favor is the fact that the necessary costumes and "properties" for its performance can be easily found, or made up, in any well-furnished home. It demands no elaborate preparation, and would, no doubt, be equally successful as either a parlor play or a Sunday-school entertainment.

An unusually jolly serial begins with this number, on page 327. For "Pinkey' Perkins" is a real boy, with all of a boy's animal spirits and love of mischief, and the ventures, adventures, and misadventures that are apt to follow upon those boyish traits befall him in full measure. The story grows more and more amusing with each chapter, and it will be continued throughout the present volume of ST. NICHOLAS.



BETTY, READING THE EVENING PAPER: "WHY, MAMA, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TWO HOLIDAYS IN FEBRUARY,—LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY AND WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY,—AND FEBRUARY IS THE SHORTEST MONTH OF ALL!"



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Abraham Lincoln; 3 to 4, Saint Valentine. Cross-words: 1. Answer. 2. Obtain. 3. Strait. 4. Retain. 5. Tahiti. 6. Marvel. 7. Meadow. 8. Lilacs. 9. Direct. 10. Banana. 11. Mascot. 12. Phonic. 13. Glance. 14. Needle.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Transfigurations: finals, E. Cross-words: 1. Thyme. 2. Rhyme. 3. Alone. 4. Nerve. 5. Scarf. 6. Fence. 7. Issue. 8. Gauge. 9. Unite. 10. Route. 11. Aisle. 12. Thine. 13. Image. 14. Olive. 15. Niche. 16. Salve.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. A. 2. Apt. 3. April. 4. Timid. 5. Lilac. 6. Dairy. 7. Cret. 8. Years. 9. Trait. 10. Sight. 11. There. 12. Trays. 13. Eyrie. 14. Signs. 15. Enact. 16. Scrip. 17. Timid. 18. Pie. 19. D.

CHARADE. L, baa. Elbe.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE. Bison, bear, bull, giraffe, buffalo, pig, goat, stag, dog, tiger, fox, wolf, ox, lynx, squirrel, panther, porcupine.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Nessie and Freddie—Grace Haren—"Abil and Adi"—Elizabeth D. Lord—Walter L. Dreyfuss—Paul R. Deschere—"Chuck"—Dorothy Rutherford.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 15th, from William Leitch 1—N. Edgar & Co., 7—Ralph Kirlin, 2—Margaret Carpenter, 6—Emmet Russell, 3—Oswald D. Reich, 4—Jane C. Watt, 1—Joe and I, 7—"Constant Reader," 1—Harriet Bingaman, 6—Eleanor Taft, 1—William McAdams, 4—Mary Purdy McCune, 6.

ZIGZAG.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. Glowing. 2. A masculine name. 3. An inhabitant of the water. 4. To curve. 5. A piece of money. 6. For one time. 7. A strong wind. 8. A mountain peak in Sicily. 9. A float. 10. A building for hay and cattle.

The zigzag, reading downward, spells the name of a famous man; the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 8 spell the name of the month in which he was born.
FRED BERGER.

TRANSPPOSITIONS AND ZIGZAG.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Transpose a short pen, and make a small ask. Answer, stub, tubs.

1. Transpose prevalent, and make a conflagration. 2. Transpose to cauterize, and make epochs. 3. Transpose

pine, camel, elk, hyena, cat, rat, calf, mole, seal, lion, weasel, boar, otter, antelope, monkey, donkey, elephant, rhinoceros, deer, horse, hare, leopard, ape, lamb, doe, beaver.

DOUBLE BENEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Christmas. 1. Misery, cars. 2. Phthisic, hist. 3. Le-armag, rain. 4. Content-on, intent. 5. Pre-ent, see. 6. Di-spat-ch, taps. 7. Li-nime-nt, mine. 8. Bo-nda-ge, and. 9. Th-inst-er, stir.

ACROSTIC. Second row, Uriah Heep. Cross-words: 1. Europe. 2. Grapes. 3. Pink. 4. Lamp. 5. Phidias. 6. Photograph. 7. Eel. 8. Beet. 9. Apothecary.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Burns; 3 to 4, Dürer. Cross-words: 1. Brier. 2. Ruler. 3. Arrow. 4. Ruins. 5. Dross.

AN OBLISK. From 1 to 2, Julius Caesar. Cross-words: 1. J. 2. Run. 3. Calyx. 4. Abide. 5. Flute. 6. Mason. 7. Yacht. 8. Peach. 9. Cheat. 10. Hasty. 11. Knave. 12. Birch.

an infant, and make an ecclesiastic. 4. Transpose kitchen utensils, and make to break short. 5. Transpose similar, and make a fine German naval station in the Baltic. 6. Transpose certain, and make one who uses. 7. Transpose plunder, and make an instrument. 8. Transpose greater quantity, and make a city. 9. Transpose the mark of a wound, and make vehicles. 10. Transpose young animals, and make a short piece of timber used as a support. 11. Transpose money paid for a lease, and make an aquatic bird. 12. Transpose a part, and make learning. 13. Transpose sound, and make a short letter.

When these transpositions have been rightly made, and the words written one below another, take the first letter of the first word, the second letter of the second word, the first of the third, the second of the fourth, and so on. The zigzag thus formed will spell the name of a man who wrote some fine stories for ST. NICHOLAS.

ERWIN JANOWITZ.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in row, but not in sail;
My second in cotton, but not in bale;
My third is in open, but not in shut;
My fourth is in smart, but not in cut;
My fifth is in key, but not in lock;
My sixth is in bevy, but not in flock;
My seventh in even, but not in odd;
My eighth is in salmon, but not in cod;
My ninth is in cotton, but not in pod.
My whole is a famous man.

FREDERICK P. CRANSTON (League Member).

RIDDLE.

You own me and I follow you,
But dare not come before your face;
And yet you may be hanging me;
That 's why you do not win the race!
I bear for you your burden,
But if you turn me, O!
You will not reap the guerdon
For which you 're longing so.

WILL M. SHIELDS.

A LABYRINTH.

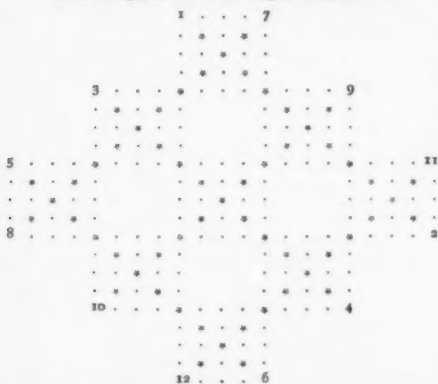


BEGIN at a certain letter and proceed in four different directions. The names of four cities may be spelled. Use no letter twice, except the one with which all four words begin.

MAURICE BEJACH (League Member).

SQUARES AND DIAGONALS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



THESE word-squares are to be read across. Unlike the usual word-square, they do not read the same across and up and down.

I. 1. On the beam. 2. To blight. 3. To strike. 4. The evil one. 5. A bird of ill-omen.

II. 1. A bet. 2. Entire. 3. The color of coal. 4. Not tight. 5. A large bird.

III. 1. A running knot. 2. To lean forward. 3. A rod. 4. A big western farm. 5. The palm from which sago is obtained.

IV. 1. The emblem of peace. 2. A cutting instrument. 3. A mixture of languages. 4. An attempt. 5. A brown pigment.

V. 1. English noblemen. 2. Fastened. 3. Frozen rain. 4. A shore bird. 5. A small wax candle.

VI. 1. A fur-bearing animal. 2. A marine mammal. 3. A young hog. 4. A toilet necessity. 5. The end of a boat.

VII. 1. To heat violently. 2. The French word for "cup." 3. A support for a picture. 4. Over. 5. Flavor.

VIII. 1. Scoffs. 2. Killed. 3. The higher of the two male voices. 4. Disgrace. 5. An animal found in Malacca.

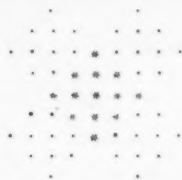
IX. 1. Upright. 2. Ate dinner. 3. A book for photographs. 4. To educate. 5. A wooden shoe.

The letters from 1 to 2, transposed, will spell the name of a magazine; from 3 to 4, transposed, "the Philosopher of Concord"; from 5 to 6, transposed, abridgements; from 7 to 8, transposed, producing balsam; from 9 to 10, stubbornness; from 11 to 12, the state of being brotherly.

ALICE KNOWLES (age 9).

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In disgrace. 2. Dress. 3. Austerity. 4. Obtained. 5. In disgrace.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In disgrace. 2. Very warm. 3. One who iows. 4. A number. 5. In disgrace.

III. MIDDLE DIAMOND: 1. In disgrace. 2. An exclamation. 3. Report. 4. A masculine nickname. 5. In disgrace.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In disgrace. 2. A small part. 3. A stream of water. 4. A decoration. 5. In disgrace.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In disgrace. 2. A rug. 3. A cutting instrument. 4. A bauble. 5. In disgrace.

JANET RANKIN.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

(One word is concealed in each couplet.)

1. SAM SIMPLE tried a sigh to weigh;
The sigh, though heavy, would not stay.
2. He put a bridle round a tree,
And said, "My horse is safe, you see."
3. His house a burglar entered once;
Sam cried, "Well, you must be a dunce!"
4. Mind either *h's* or *p's* or *g's*.
Search well. I 'll promise to excuse.
5. For I 'm in no distress of mind —
I hope you 'll give me half you find!"

HELEN A. SIBLEY.



THE ICE-JAM AT THE BRIDGE.
(See page 389.)